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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

At the interview on Tuesday between King Edward and the German Emperor we may be sure that nothing was said which need be regretted, or left unsaid which might gracefully be spoken. For these occasions the parts are carefully rehearsed before the actors come upon the scene. The King is a master in the diplomatic art of effusive reticence, while the Kaiser is impetuous only when it suits his purpose to let himself go. The main purpose of the meeting at Cronberg was to convince Europe—there should be no need for conviction—that there is no quarrel between the two Courts; while the relations of the two Governments are, as they always have been, studiously correct. Sir Edward Goschen, our new Ambassador in Berlin, may be trusted to do what he can to improve them.

How far will the good example set by persons in authority react upon the manners of publicists and the temper of the people whom they write for? There is the more need for international courtesy since the process of building warships one against the other excites hotbloods. It is Germany which aims at disturbing the present balance of naval power. She can hardly complain if Great Britain believes that her rival's fleet is meant for active service. No similar sense of reserve attended the cordial conversation on Wednesday at Ischl between King Edward and the Emperor Francis Joseph. With Austria-Hungary we may have differences of opinion as to policy in south-east Europe, but neither directly nor indirectly can we be drawn into conflict.

There could have been but one excuse for the haste of the British and Russian Governments in suspending their proposals for reform in Macedonia. They did not wish to put themselves at a disadvantage as compared with Germany and Austria-Hungary. It might have been

thought, perhaps, in London and St. Petersburg that the new Ministry at Constantinople would resent the appearance of foreign pressure, and might show its resentment by leaning on the proffered arms of Berlin and Vienna. But we are not aware that the accession of Kiamil Pasha to nominal power, with a committee of Young Turks to pull the strings, was either a guarantee of efficient administration in Macedonia or an excuse for permitting the welter to continue. The agreement between Sir Edward Grey and M. Isvolsky was not so easily attained that it should be sacrificed for a sympathetic impulse towards an untested Ministry. Yesterday, however, it was made plain that they do not intend to drop the question. A strict and almost minatory Note was issued by Russia, which shows that the Sultan will not be allowed to plead political anxieties at Constantinople as a pretext for evading his obligations in Macedonia.

The welcome given to the Young Turks seems a trifle overdone. Baron von Aehrenthal has defined the proper attitude towards the Revolution Cabinet as one of benevolent expectancy. We are all ready to hope the best, but it should not be forgotten that the Ministry was created by a military pronunciamiento, and at any moment may be upset by a counter-movement in the army. In the character and career of the aged Kiamil and his young colleagues, so far as they are known, lies the best security for constitutional progress in Turkey. They are believed to be both honest and capable, but most of them are absolutely inexperienced in affairs. A democratic system on the Western model is not to be worked by a Ministry of Good Intentions, especially as the people, outside the capital and a few of the larger cities, have had no sort of training in self-government. It is a little difficult to understand how critics who have declared the Egyptians to be unfit for representative institutions should assume so easily that the Turks are ripe for a full-fledged system of Philosophical Radicalism.

Mr. Deakin's scheme for ensuring the defence of Australia by means of what he happily calls "effective citizenship" will in no way be prejudiced by the visit of the American fleet. The outstanding fact, which this will bring home to the practical Australian mind, is that distance is no real bar to the modern war fleet,

Mr. Deakin's anxiety that the Admiralty should hurry up with its proposals will be quickened perhaps by the delightful assurance of an American paper that America cannot undertake the defence of Australia. "Who axed yer to?" is the only possible rejoinder. Mr. Deakin is, at any rate, on the right track. He is requisitioning the manhood of Australia for land defence so that the fleet may not be embarrassed by weakness ashore, and he tells his people that if they are not prepared to defend themselves, they are not fit to govern themselves.

Elections have been going on in Cuba, not Presidential, but the municipal and provincial elections. The result has been favourable to the Conservatives, which shows a change of feeling in the island. The Liberals are divided amongst themselves, or rather between their two rival leaders now at feud, Señor Gomez and Señor Zayas: and this no doubt affected the elections. The Conservatives are the Moderates of the old régime before the American intervention. United States authority largely regulated the affairs of the Liberals and put them in power. So the Conservative success may point to discontent with American intervention and a wish to be rid of it. Whatever it means, Americans are not likely to let go their hold on Cuba. Discontent with the political vices of the Liberals may have had as much to do with the result as anything else.

A reader of the SATURDAY in America sends us a cutting from a Boston paper of 29 July, giving an account of the lynching in Texas of a negro boy who had attacked a white girl. Untried, the boy was snatched from the police and taken to the public square; cordwood was then piled upon him, and the boy and the wood saturated with kerosene oil. Then they "touched a match to him"; and the flames went up amidst shouts of joy. This is too common an incident of American civilisation to call for comment, were not a special touch given to this lynching by the selling in the streets the same afternoon of many thousands of post-card photographs of the burning. There was no attempt to bring the lynchers to justice; no arrests were made; and, significantly, "none were expected". We are always asked to take these mob murders as unfortunate and exceptional outbreaks for which the American people are not to be blamed. But the impossibility of convicting or even prosecuting the lyncher ringleaders, though everyone knew them, is proof that American public opinion is not seriously against these doings.

One thing is certain: in no other civilised country would a crowd have the wish, or be allowed, if it had the wish, to burn alive an untried offender. No nation would tolerate such an outrage against civilisation, if it objected to it. The Americans plainly do not as a people mind these things being done. The Government makes no effort to suppress lynching, and lynchings stir no popular indignation. Americans have no right to complain if lynching is described as an American institution. They allow it, and individual Americans may often be heard to excuse it. They call it "rough justice". But even if the nigger had been duly convicted, burning alive would hardly seem a reasonable punishment in the most progressive country on the face of the earth. Neither do shouts of joy at the sight of the flames or picture post-cards of the burning seem to make part even of the roughest justice. No doubt while the boy was burning, President Roosevelt was somewhere giving forth platitudes about humanity and righteousness, in whose cause the Americans had forced the Spaniards out of the Philippines and Cuba. He had better have quoted from Russell Lowell:

"The whole great nation loves the smell of blood."

An instructive report issued by the Transvaal Indigency Committee was summarised in the "Times" on Thursday. But it has not much bearing on the pauper problem in this country. The root of the trouble in South Africa is the existence of a large and growing class of "mean whites" who consider that manual

labour is derogatory to their blood. In this country the demagogues, to do them justice, insist on the dignity of labour, provided it be done under comfortable and remunerative conditions. The Transvaal Committee make short work of the racial pretensions set up by the up-country by-woners and the urban loafers, whom they propose to treat as common vagrants. Most of the favourite remedies for the relief of persons who have gone under through their own fault are summarily set aside. This does not answer the practical question, What is to be done with persons actually in want who have not brought themselves within any penal code existing or conceivable? Pauperism cannot be exorcised by an appeal to first principles or by applying the rules of the Charity Organisation Society. How will the Transvaal Government get rid of, or turn to account, wastrel population?

Clearly, however, the Committee are right in saying that their main business is to ascertain and counteract the causes of pauperism rather than to relieve its symptoms—even when the symptoms have mouths to fill and bodies to be clothed. Reliance is chiefly placed upon a better system of agricultural and industrial education. This, no doubt, will do something. But the remedy is not so thorough as its advocates seem to think. For education, after all, does but increase the natural difference between the overman and the underman. The general standard of proficiency may be raised, but the more skilful and less wasteful will go on eating out the less expert and more extravagant. Parts of the report deal with merely local conditions, such as the antiquated system of land tenure and land transfer maintained by the Boer farmers, or with the special congestion brought about in the towns by Asiatic competition. The disconcerting fact, though long familiar to persons who know South Africa from within, is that a young colony is already suffering from the ailments of an old community. The mischief, of course, is that the Transvaal depends upon one industry, and this has been the sport of politicians.

Official optimism in France as to the outrages and general unrest in Indo-China is hardly in keeping with the decision to increase the number of French troops in the colony. Disquieting reports continue to appear in the French press, never perhaps too trustworthy a medium in such matters, but when every allowance has been made for exaggerated fears, there is still room for anxiety. Chinese bands armed with modern weapons are said to be moving about the country, and many of the native soldiers in the service of France are suspect. One report says that an army of ten thousand Chinese is on the Tonkin frontier, and that thirty thousand revolutionaries are prepared to take the field. If this were true, the situation would indeed be not less grave than the agitators make out. Apparently there have been a good many murders in Tonkin and settlements have been freely pillaged. With Morocco more on their hands than ever, the last thing the French Government could wish is an outbreak in Indo-China.

The Marquis di Rudini died murmuring the words "My country! my country!" That he was strong in his patriotism and loved Italy before all else perhaps accounted for some of the mistakes which prevented his talents from being used to Italy's best advantage. He will go down to history as twice the successor of Crispi, whose work he failed to undo and whose character for public integrity he failed to destroy. Extremes met in the Marquis di Rudini to their own neutralising. An aristocrat and leader of the Right, he intrigued with the Socialists and endeavoured to effect a working alliance with the Left. The result was disorder in Italy and disaster to himself. Political dalliance led to the Milan riots, which he suppressed with the relentless vigour of disappointment; and inability to reverse in office the policy he attacked out of office weakened his diplomacy and embarrassed his Foreign Minister. In some ways he was the Rosebery of Italy.

The good effect of the increased period of training now given to the Volunteers has been seriously marred



by the inability of many men to be absent from their work for a fortnight. Employers of labour, especially in the London district, have found themselves unable to spare their assistants for the whole period. It is quite unfair to label these men "unpatriotic employers"—a headline used by a leading daily paper. The fault is in the system; and it shows us once more how it is impossible to get any good results from any new scheme without the aid of compulsion. A great State should not be dependent on the goodwill of private citizens in order to make its military forces efficient. It should be the business of all to make some contribution towards the safety of the Empire.

The military authorities will have to take steps before long to provide men of all arms with a headdress which will be some protection against the sun. At present, officers and men, even in the hottest weather, are manœuvring in the peaked caps which have now become so familiar. These caps offer no protection whatever to the sides or back of the head. Worse still, the top of the cap after being worn a very short time drops on to the head, a most undesirable state of things, which is proved by the fact that one never sees a soldier at Aldershot without a grease-patch on the top of his cap. It is said that Mr. Haldane is averse from introducing new headgear, because in his modesty he does not wish to confer his name on a new cap, like one of his recent predecessors. But something should be done at once to relieve men of their present discomfort and even danger.

We cannot too often be reminded of the ability of the Empire to do for itself a vast deal that is now done for it by the foreigner. The visit of the West India cotton-growing delegates to Manchester and Liverpool has no doubt had its educational value. The success of cotton-growing within the British Empire is due to the private initiative and enterprise of men like Sir Alfred Jones. The State extends its "heartiest sympathy" through a Colonial Office telegram. Throughout her history Lancashire has been at the mercy of American supplies, which may be affected by American competition, American weather conditions, or American speculators. Only this week a corner in the October market has apparently been secured by a gambler in futures in New York. Every bale of British-grown cotton sent into England carries with it some measure of relief, at the same time that it assists colonial prosperity. For the first time for fifty years, thanks to cotton, according to Sir Daniel Morris, the West Indies are able to get along without support from England.

One solitary element of comfort may possibly be got from the Board of Trade returns. In the matter of raw cotton and wool, which have come into the country in larger quantities, there is a gleam of hope for the immediate future. Imports are down by five and a half millions for July and exports by six and three-quarter millions. On the seven months of the year the decline amounts to over £35,000,000 in imports and £23,000,000 in exports; re-exports, which give much business to shipping, falling by £13,000,000. The official figures make it clear that we are buying less raw material as a whole, and selling fewer manufactures. True, there has been a slight fall in the quantity and value of manufactures imported, but the fall is not proportionate to the general trend of trade. The foreigner is saving himself at our expense from the worst effects of the shrinkage in the world's commerce.

The Board of Trade record is the more serious in view of the Revenue Returns, which show enormous increases in the last ten or fifteen years in the cost of the public services. Whilst trade is bad and likely to be so, the necessary additions to the Army and Navy Estimates, and the questionable additions to those for the Civil Service, make the prospect gloomier than ever. Next year, at a time when the present state of trade will probably be sharply reflected in the national revenue, the Chancellor of the Exchequer will have to provide for old-age pensions. How more money is to be raised

on declining resources not even the genius of a Lloyd George can say, and where Mr. Lloyd George cannot see his way the taxpayer has cause to fear. Shark finance will only aggravate bad business.

Mr. Akers-Douglas was not doing any good service to his party when at Whitstable on Wednesday he criticised the Government's scheme of old-age pensions because it was not contributory. He might successfully have attacked it on nearly any other ground. Why cannot Conservatives recognise once for all that a contributory scheme is impossible? The matter has been inquired into carefully enough, and the total result has been to demonstrate the unfitness of any contributory scheme in this country. If you make contribution by the claimant for a pension a condition of his receiving it, you keep out of the pension scheme many of those who will most want a pension and most deserve it. Those who have worked hard and yet have not been able to save ought to be assisted in their old age. To suppose that no one who works hard can be unable to save is to confess total ignorance of the lives of the very poor. A contributory system too would involve an amount of inquisitorial inspection that would make a pensioner feel he was a pauper.

What is the use of the North-Western and Midland railways announcing, as they did on Thursday, that their proposed amalgamation was conceived in the public interest? The business of the directors is to earn profits for the shareholders and to keep on the right side of Parliament. We are ready to believe that if they save money on working expenses they will be enabled, if they choose, to offer greater advantages to their customers. But are they likely to use their profits in this way instead of distributing them amongst their shareholders? It is true enough that certain vexatious regulations which were enforced when the two companies were playing at cross-purposes will now be withdrawn. But the many virtues attributed to competition must in any event be lost. We do not grudge the shareholders a moderate rise in their dividends, nor need the directors be ashamed of avowing this as their object, but they make a mistake if they think that their public-spirited profession will hoodwink the Labour party (who certainly will exact terms if any Bill comes before the House of Commons) or prevent independent members from scrutinising, in the public interest, the terms of their agreement.

Aerial navigation is still both ways en l'air. Last week Herr Zeppelin failed dramatically in the very moment of success. This week we have had not only Mr. Wilbur Wright's achievements at Le Mans, where he has experimented with his aeroplane, and has at least demonstrated the possibility of aerial navigation over three or four miles of country, but Mr. Farman's efforts with a similar machine, and Captain Baldwin's with a dirigible balloon in America. That a machine capable of sustained flight will some day be constructed may be accepted as one of the certainties. At present accident upsets the calculations of the most scientific. Herr Zeppelin is not the only victim of unpremeditated chance. Mr. Wright's wings have been injured by the merest accident and rendered useless for days to come, and Captain Baldwin has failed to carry out his programme in consequence of various "accidents" which are described as petty. Unhappily the accident to the airship at the Franco-British Exhibition yesterday was not petty. One person was killed and several very seriously injured.

Motor correspondence grows apace: just now it looks like overgrowing the whole press. What appalling sinners these motorists must be! Yet there is no sudden development of motorist vice. Motorists are as guilty or as innocent as they were months ago, when but a reasonable space was given to their doings. The change is not in the motorists, but in the season. The motorist is now filling the part played by the sea-serpent and others in the past.

He is filling up the empty season. The press at any rate should be just to him, in gratitude for his so conveniently filling the gap. The motorist and the Deceased Wife's Sister seem to divide the honours of the season. One motor point, however, is before us now which would, and should, have roused the public at any time. The Royal Automobile Club simply ought not to be allowed to go on with their "Four Inch" race in the Isle of Man. It is a pity every member of the club cannot be made personally responsible for any accident that may happen, no matter how and by whom caused.

"Sinn Fein's" view of the Olympic Games is humorous; in their attitude to this country they are at any rate logical and thorough. According to "Sinn Fein", Carpenter, the American, was disqualified in the hundred metres race because the committee saw he was running faster than the Englishman, and Dorando was helped to finish the course by British officials because the man behind him was an Irish-American. Cannot "Sinn Fein" discover that the Belgians were swindled by Leander out of the eight-oared race? It would round off their case against us nicely.

We have protested for many years at the indifference shown to the health and comfort of music-lovers, many of whom are unable to sit for two hours in a stifling atmosphere. So it is pleasant to hear that "plant for effectually ventilating Queen's Hall has recently been installed, the scheme for extracting the vitiated air and replacing it with fresh air, washed and filtered by passing through specially prepared screens, ensuring a change in the atmosphere six times in each hour". We hope that the smaller and stuffier halls will follow this good example.

We were glad to see Mr. Claude Phillips' letter announcing that in the winter the Wallace Gallery will be opened at two o'clock on Sundays. No thoughtful person will suggest that anyone can get harm from looking at these pictures on Sunday. There is no continentalising the English Sunday in this. Quiet and refined occupation for the public on Sunday is much wanted; for if it is merely an idle day, it is necessarily but a great opportunity for Satan. An hour or two at the Wallace Gallery may save mischief, and will not be in competition with any Church services. It is likely to stimulate rather than hinder religious observance of the day.

It appears that the articles of association in the new "Westminster Gazette" company require all the shareholders to be free traders on pain of all sorts of things. On the fiscal question Mr. Spender may be trusted to keep a straight course, but the more ingenious his plea for the retention of open ports the more he will throw into contrast the decision of his proprietors that no tariff reformer shall hold shares in their syndicate. The Radical who falls away from the faith may be called upon to resign with the right only of appeal to the Chief Liberal Whip. There is to be no dumping of tariff reform principles on the "Westminster"; no undermining of the business of the paper by its friends—and they are legion—the enemy. Unrestricted free imports, so good for the country, are not in favour where the company's shares are concerned.

Mr. Clement Scott once wrote an "appreciation" of our famous seaside "resorts": a rousing rollicking rhyme (it was in verse, was it not?) in which every watering-place was a young woman, his particular fancy for whom Mr. Scott expounded according as he read her character. This was some years ago. A new edition would note many changes. Probably Margate and Ramsgate have altered not. But professional people, in fact the higher and well-educated middle class generally, have evidently altered their movements altogether. Twenty or thirty years ago they used to be in great force at Folkestone, Eastbourne, and such places. Now they are hardly to be seen there. Certainly they do not congregate on these shores; though of course they may be seen as sporadic visitants. Is the change in them, or has Demos driven them out?

#### CRONBERG.

THE value of parliamentary institutions to international comity may be gauged by the relief quiet people, both in this country and in Germany, find in the King and the Kaiser meeting during the recess. The theory that popular government ingeminates peace, and that as autocracy declines the various nations must come to be better friends is not standing the test of time with much success. It is fairly certain that, were the House of Commons and the Reichstag in session at this moment, we should have seen a batch of irritating questions put to the Ministers of both Powers by politicians who see something sinister in uncle and nephew being on speaking terms.

The press of Europe, on the whole, has taken the meeting common-sensibly. It is evident that the King's visit to Germany will not alter the grouping of the Powers in Europe. It will have no immediate political consequences, nor was it intended that it should. The idea that courtesy to one neighbour implies unfriendliness to another is a peculiar growth of modern life, due, no doubt, to the opportunity, when the multitude can read in the cheap press about foreign affairs of which their grandparents would never have heard, for the manners of the multitude to colour international relations. Diplomacy preserves in an unappreciative age the ethics of duelling days, which forbade insulting language unless the speaker were prepared to be called out. We have forgotten the duel, and know by observation that in street altercation hard words are very seldom followed by blows. For bystanders might interfere, and in the last resort there is the policeman. But international law knows no policeman, and the bystander, if not actually a tertius gaudens, does not care to risk the consequences of intervention. Thus a nation, in its dealings with its neighbours, is bound to exercise an amount of self-control for which the increasingly noisy and capricious conduct of domestic politics seems to be gradually unfitting the peoples of Western Europe.

The Cronberg meeting naturally suggests a survey of the position as between this country and Germany. It is useless to ignore the fact that the mutual scoldings in which ill-balanced minds both in Germany and in England have indulged for the last decade or so have created an atmosphere of suspicion on both sides. It does not follow that the suspicions are on either side well founded. There is as little real evidence that the persistent aim of British diplomacy has been to isolate Germany as there is that the fondest hope of every German is to see the British Empire destroyed. There have been occasions of temporary friction, but great nations do not go to war about trifles, though, as Aristotle knew, trifles may be the pretext for war. It is only when deliberate national policies conflict with each other irretrievably that war ensues. Thus the ambitions of revolutionary France necessitated a conflict with the monarchical Powers of Europe. Again, the determination of Prussia to unify Germany under the Hohenzollerns made it necessary to upset a balance which both Austria and France thought it essential to maintain. The Hohenzollern candidature for the Spanish throne seemed to both France and Prussia to involve the point of honour, but almost any other difficulty would have served as a casus belli to two countries each of which believed that the other blocked her path.

Can it be reasonably maintained that England and Germany find the world too small to accommodate both? We have no co-terminous land frontiers except in tropical or sub-tropical Africa (and in New Guinea!) where German military preponderance does not exist. We do not need anything that Germany possesses. Germany, on the other hand, would doubtless be glad if our long start had not enabled us to occupy many desirable outposts in other continents. But it does not follow that the Germans regard those places as so essential to their prosperity that they are prepared to attack us in order to seize them. There is an old Persian proverb that while ten dervishes can share one mat, a hemisphere is sometimes too small for two kings. That seems to be the guiding principle of certain politicians to-day. German naval ambitions,



the reality of which no one can deny, may very easily be misread. It is a misunderstanding of history to suppose that naval supremacy is an end in itself. It is always a necessary condition of the fulfilment of other ambitions. Spain and England in the sixteenth century struggled for naval supremacy because the English wished to colonise and trade in America, a continent the Spaniards were determined to keep for themselves. England and Holland in the next century perceived that the command of the seas meant supremacy in the Indies. We have never been able to discover anything so important to both England and Germany, but which they cannot both have, that it is necessary for them to risk a death-struggle upon the seas to get it. The fostering of the German Navy is the natural consequence of German national self-respect. So long as Germany was negligible on the seas, German commerce and colonies were absolutely at the mercy of England. We are so sure of our own virtue that many of us cannot understand how any other country could object to such a state of things. We feel sure that we should never make a wanton attack upon Germany. But it is hardly surprising that Germany should wish to insure against risks, and, considering the hysterical way in which public opinion stampedes in England from time to time, the Germans may well imagine that our amiability is not to be reckoned a permanent asset in their national well-being. Even were it so, no Great Power can be expected to be content with a position in which she exists upon the forbearance of a neighbour. The German Army, in the absence of a German Navy, could not imperil England's very existence. The British Navy could constitute the gravest menace to Germany, flanked as she is by two great military Powers with whom her relations have never been too cordial. Even apart from these considerations, the German Navy subserves an important end in domestic politics which is not well understood here. It is the creature of Imperial Germany, the one force which belongs not to Prussia or the other States but to the Empire as such. A soldier is a Prussian or Bavarian: a sailor is a German.

While the idea that either country is waiting to attack the other is in itself unreasonable and in its consequences pernicious, it would be folly to forget that, of possible antagonists, Germany is the most formidable. The views taken of *Weltpolitik* in England are generally vitiated by the neglect of the United States as a first-rate Power which might enter into European combinations. But as regards conceivable invasions of the British Islands, the United States may for obvious reasons be excluded. Germany, then, is the one Power which might be able to make a raid upon England. Her history shows that if in the event of war she thought it worth while to risk a raiding force of some thirty thousand men, most of whom could not hope to return, the courage and patriotism of her people would enable her to make the effort. It is our business to ensure not only that such an effort, if made, be defeated, but that the panic and collapse of national credit which must ensue from the landing in England of a raiding force be prevented. We need hardly disclaim any sympathy with the school which deprecates the ordinary precautions of the strong man armed.

But neither the recognition of German strength nor the determination that our own strength shall not fall short involves envy, hatred, or malice. In Continental Europe it is a commonplace that the various countries can maintain the military establishments essential to self-preservation without hating each other for this exercise of common-sense. Our insular position and our long security have fostered a state of mind in which the bare suggestion that someone might press us hard sets half the country shrieking. It is a state of mind which no professional soldier or sailor can tolerate (the better two armies, the more their members appreciate and even like each other), but to which, oddly enough, the cant of anti-militarism has made us peculiarly liable. The reasonable elements which have never yet been submerged in Germany are perfectly ready to admit that other Powers have the right

each to set its house in order; in fact the justification for the German Navy rests upon this doctrine. It is high time that we on our side should recognise that real strength is essential to national dignity, and that the spectacle of a Power able to meet us on equal terms, while necessitating the maintenance of our own forces on a higher scale than we have ever yet done, does not give us any just cause of offence. It is very largely the uncertainty of our own defensive policy that keeps the pot of international ill-will simmering. Convinced of each other's strength, Germany and England could be far better friends.

#### LOCAL GOVERNMENT ON ITS TRIAL.

THE conviction of the prisoners in the Mile End trial is a fitting climax to the campaign of the Local Government Board against the widespread corruption which has been going on for a long time in London Poor Law administration. The evidence disclosed the inner workings of an impudent ring which for years had been successfully robbing the rates. Exactly how much of the money voted for work not done and materials never supplied was personally absorbed by these guardians of the public purse by way of bribes, gifts and commissions can never be known; but the sum must have been large. Severe as were the sentences passed, their justification is complete, and if severity succeeds in shaking an all too apathetic public opinion out of its self-satisfied torpor, no one need grudge the cost of the most expensive criminal trial of recent years. To us as a nation the whole business is very humiliating. Our unctuous rectitude is severely annoyed. Following Pecksniff, until recent disclosures it has been pleasant to commiserate with our friends in the United States on the hopeless corruption rampant among their local authorities, and incidentally, by implication, to pat ourselves upon the back. Now we have our awakening, and rude and awkward it is. We cannot even console ourselves with the reflection that Mile End is peculiar either in its methods or in its corruption; nor that corruption—whether by way of log-rolling or any other trick—is confined to boards of guardians. For every detected case of municipal corruption there are scores that never come to light, and the convicted bear a very small proportion to those who ought to have stood by them in the dock. The situation is well summed up in the very prevalent impression that the average small man as a rule becomes the member of a local authority for what he can get out of it. County and large municipal councils do not seem to suffer from this type of public servant, but small borough and urban councils and boards of guardians are usually flooded with self-sacrificing builders, contractors and petty tradesmen, who must give up time from occupations which, if they are to be legitimately successful, involve close and constant personal attention. In the large councils there are few possibilities of corruption; for in most county councils men who have been born to or who have won independence form the majority, while in the large towns party feeling and a keen local press are useful and effective detectives. In addition to these safeguards the existence of a strong labour contingent in many of our large provincial municipalities, while it tends to extravagance, is nevertheless at present strongly against personal corruption. Unfortunately in the smaller local bodies there are no such safeguards. The areas covered are comparatively small and the people apathetic. Party seldom enters into the question, with the result that a personal caucus, which may or may not develop into a corrupt ring, takes the place of political organisation. There are few independent people, and fewer still who care to face the inevitable mud-slinging of local elections. Local professional men think they risk too much by putting themselves in a position which may cause them at some time to offend possible clients, while the working classes, who form the bulk of the electorate, cannot leave their work unless they belong to a labour organisation which will pay their expenses, and there are not many so inclined. The small tradesmen and people of

that kidney are the only material left. Their habits of mind are retail and peculiar, and as a result it is common to find among them the existence of co-operative rings in which business interests, social life and religion are inextricably mixed up and interdependent one upon the other. As a rule one such ring emerges from the mass, grows in power and influences and dominates the rest. Attention is then turned to the local council, and here it is by no means necessary that a majority of the ring should form a majority of the council. A few persons who thoroughly understand one another and vote strictly in accordance with pre-arranged plans quickly dominate a local authority and attract to themselves, as strength does weakness, the support of members who have no very permanent convictions. Thus it comes about that the private meeting in the bar parlour, the club or the chairman's house is the real place where the policy of the council is settled. In rural districts the rings are smaller and not so comprehensive, but as the members of the council are very little versed in the matters they are supposed to administer, their fellows with technical knowledge quickly find themselves able to set the pace without serious opposition.

Private advantage too may not be altogether incompatible with a vigorous assertion of public good. Overstringent by-laws in rural districts often compel plans and the employment of a builder where formerly a labourer was sufficient to do similar work. Contracts to a local man, who tenders at a rate higher than outsiders, are plausibly defended on the ground that local labour is employed, and—sometimes as a sop to the labour element—trades-union rates of wages paid. The contractor wants materials, and the sale price of these to him in the locality will not be less because some of the members of its council or their friends are to supply him for this or some other contract. The possibilities of log-rolling under such contracts are illimitable. The majority of the members of small local authorities carry on trades which render them liable to inspection as to sanitation, conditions of labour, adulteration and other things. Is it possible to imagine any official of the council calling on one of its members and having the temerity to recommend the taking out of a summons? If a small man, what hope of a rise of salary would he have? or if, say, a medical officer, what chance of re-appointment at the end of his term?

Is there, then, no remedy for existing conditions? and are we to admit that democracy as applied to local government is a hopeless failure? It is often said that if the people elect unsuitable representatives they must suffer for it, but the theory is incompatible with the penal rules and restrictions which are occasionally visited with extreme severity on delinquents such as composed the Mile End ring. In most cases fear compels the observance of the letter of the law but cunning breaks its spirit daily. We believe that the evil might very largely be met by importing into the smaller councils that independent element which has been instrumental in preserving purity of administration in county and large municipal councils. This can only be done by bringing in a nominated element which, in addition to bringing trained and educated experience to bear on the work of the council, would by its very presence nip all log-rolling in the bud. Occasionally an honest, able and independent man who has come on to a council for the first time has been instrumental in exposing abuses altogether unsuspected by the public. Usually such a man is somehow got rid of; he is too much in the way. Just the reason why there should be many more like him. The addition of nominated members will be more easy after the report of the Poor Law Commission, for no one believes that boards of guardians have, as at present ordered, long to live. West Ham, Poplar, and Mile End are too clearly symptoms of organic diseases, and not mere temporary disorders. With the guardians will disappear the last of the "ad hoc" authorities, and few will they be who mourn them. It will then become possible to make the county borough and the county council the real units of local government, working in the case of county councils by local committees partly elective and partly nominated, and containing in all cases a proportion of local magistrates whose

sympathetic and careful work as ex-officio guardians in pre-rural council days was so ill-required by the extinction to which it was condemned by the craze for direct popular election. The Commissions of the Peace have been largely added to by the present Lord Chancellor, and, whatever views there may be as to the wisdom of his procedure, it cannot be said that country benches are not now thoroughly representative of all classes. If only it can be made possible to attract back to local government work men of the type from which magistrates are chosen, the people will be better served and less taxed than at present.

Such proposals involve the admission that democratic government has failed. It certainly has failed to the extent that as a result of popular election the best men do not appear on local authorities, but it is still possible to mitigate the failure by insuring that, while the majority of a local authority consists of persons who have in the first instance gone through the test of election, the minority shall be nominated either in whole or in part, as the case may be, by the county (or borough) council, the local magistrates or some Government department concerned. The existence of this element of independence and outside influence would, in course of time, tend to produce such a spirit of administration that little people with an axe to grind would cease to find it profitable to seek the suffrages of their fellow-electors, and would leave local government the better and purer for their absence.

#### LAMBETH URBI ET ORBI.

"*VERBOSA* et grandis epistola" must have been the phrase on many lips when last Saturday's "Times" was opened and found to contain eight closely printed columns of allocutory matter addressed from Lambeth Palace to the faithful throughout the world. When two hundred and forty-three Bishops—and Anglican prelates do not grow on every hedge—have come together from all parts of the world to confer upon the interests of religion and the welfare of mankind, the result of their deliberations must command universal attention. At the same time an episcopal Conference is not a Synod of the Church, and its conclusions may therefore be scrutinised critically without disrespect. Those who compose it have met as great ecclesiastics rather than formally as successors of the Apostles. In fact the Anglican Communion is a confederation of scattered parcels of Church life, owning a common origin and accepting on the whole the same formularies, rather than a division of the Catholic Church, since there is no precedent in primitive theory for an ecclesiastical unity based merely on common speech or race or colour, still less on mere predilection. A Pan-Anglican Council or Synod is therefore impossible. Informal conference is another matter. The danger of such a conference is the deepening of the attractive but disastrous notion that, the reunion of Christendom being to all appearance remote and below the horizon of expectation, an imperial Anglo-Saxonism may very well be substituted for it. English religion is quite Anglo-Saxon enough already, and its characteristics need correcting and supplementing rather than stereotyping. Christ came to found a universal Church, not a British Empire.

Twenty-one of the resolutions of the Lambeth Conference deal, indeed, with the oneness of Christ's Body, and the resolution of 1897 is reaffirmed that "every opportunity should be taken to emphasise the Divine purpose of visible unity amongst Christians as a fact of revelation". A warning is added against hasty attempts at partial reconciliation which may hinder instead of advancing the reunion of the whole Church. Even if the Church of England could afford to be further Protestantised, it should be obvious that every step taken towards the Protestant dissenters is a step taken away from the ancient Churches of the East and West. The Bishops, believing in the "power and hope of our Communion of mediating in a divided Christendom", are unwilling to do this. They have no suggestions to make about the rest of the Western family of which the Church of England is historically a member, and



approaches to the Apostolic See are clearly useless, though whether Anglican churchmanship is so unmistakably Catholic or Anglican leadership so uncompromisingly apostolic that we can honestly say we have left nothing undone towards the healing of the Church's wounds is another matter. On the other hand, the Conference asks the Archbishop of Canterbury to appoint a permanent committee to take cognisance of all that concerns the relations of the Church of England with the Churches of the Orthodox East. It sends a letter of greeting to the National Council of the Russian Church about to assemble, to be conveyed by two or more Bishops, and it enjoins on English Churchmen abroad, whether clerical or lay, the showing courtesy towards the Churches of the lands where they are residing and towards their ecclesiastical authorities. Friendly reference is made to fancy communions like the Moravian *Unitas Fratrum* and the Old Catholics. But everyone knows that what has really been afoot of late is a British Plan of Comprehension, and the Conference does not warm to its subject till it "receives with thankfulness and hope" the report of its committee on home "reunion and intercommunion". It contemplates the possibility of "responsible official negotiation" between the Church of England or one of its daughters (sc. Australia) and "any Presbyterian or other non-episcopal Church which, while preserving the Faith in its integrity and purity, has also exhibited care as to the form and intention of ordination to the ministry". We can only say that the Conference seems willing here to throw over the central principle of Churchmanship. It regards the Church of England as in England only one Church amongst many, possessing a more primitive and carefully guarded administrative arrangement, but not differing in kind from the "other Christian Churches" of the land. It has no commission and no priesthood which they do not possess. Nor has it "preserved the integrity and purity of the Faith" any better than they. And that when every one of the sects is notoriously gravitating towards Unitarianism! The Conference appears to think of Apostolic succession merely as a safeguard of order, and of Episcopacy as an ancient and wise form of government. We are rather of the opinion of him who held that Episcopacy must certainly be of the Church's esse since it seldom has been of the Church's bene esse.

These plans of comprehension are clearly unpractical. What, however, has the Conference to say about such an immediately urgent question as the attitude to be adopted by parish priests and fellow-parishioners towards persons living by leave of Parliament as man and wife (albeit only civilly contracted) within the prohibited degrees? Everyone was waiting to hear the issue of its grave deliberations. "Guidance in some parts of our Communion"—the letter itself says: is England here excluded?—"is gravely needed" on the subject. But none is given. Not a word. And the assembled Episcopate of the Anglican Communion confesses with hung head that it can give none. Was ever anything so pitiable? Churchmen can only take comfort in remembering that the Conference has not corporately followed Sir Lewis Dibdin's proffered cue. On other "marriage problems"—such as remarriage after divorce—the Bishops say, "We are speaking with less decision than may be expected". Whether wedlock is dissoluble or indissoluble they do not know. And if two Bishops had voted the other way, the Episcopate would have approved the remarriage of the (often so-called) innocent party. Now "Episcopi Anglicani" are no doubt "semper pavidum". They were so long before the Reformation. And yet the impotence which the faithful bewail and the hostile scoff at is really the offspring not so much of episcopal timorousness—the bishops are much more radical on social subjects than the clergy or laity—as of the general flabbiness of the modern spirit. This absence of the note of authoritativeness and of supernatural claim is common to the Church at large. Glorious comprehensiveness and united action or creed are in fact incompatible. A Church which allows every disciple to make out his own chart cannot also be life's beacon and guide. The Lambeth Conference just touches the question of Reli-

gious Communities and then shrinks back behind some report. Antiquity had no committees and no reports, but it transformed the world by the great monastic system. The restoration to the Prayer-Book of the Scriptural Unction of the Sick has been widely desired and long waited for. The Conference dare not do more either way than just not advise its complete prohibition. The Ornaments question it looks in the face—and passes on. Fortunately this indecision, and the earnestness of a strong conservative opposition, have prevented the Conference from doing more to the Quicunque Vult than hint dislike of it.

We are far from saying that there are not many finely expressed thoughts and wholesome conclusions in the Bishops' Allocution. They assert, for example, that there is need to-day of a far greater effort on the part of the Church to deal with the intellectual side of religion and life; that the clergy must be scientifically trained for their duties, thinkers always and scholars, seeing that "lifelong study is of the very essence of the work of the priest". While the sects are shouting No tests! the Episcopate calls for men and women to consecrate their lives to teaching as a religious vocation, and regards the training of such teachers as "a primary duty of the Church". That education is a moulding of all the forces of will, emotion and intellect, in a word the formation of character, is insisted on. "Simple Bible teaching" is an imposture unless it aims at saintship in the life of Church fellowship. "Service of man", that modern catchword, is based on a deepened spirituality and includes the training and guiding of men in the worship of God. Christianity without dogmas, we read, quickly "degenerates into nerveless altruism", and the Conference emphatically reaffirms the essential place of the facts stated in the Creeds in the structure of the Church's faith. On the whole, however, this Pastoral shows more eagerness to be abreast of the times than to breast the times. The Bishops were urged by the press to avoid "recondite questions of doctrine and ecclesiastical law" and to deal with "those larger and more palpitating problems of religious work by which alone"—it was quaintly added—"souls are saved and popular sympathy is won". They have tried honestly to do this, but we listen in vain for a thrilling trumpet-call.

#### ENTER THE "TERRIERS".

MORE fortunate than either of his immediate predecessors, Mr. Haldane has succeeded in actually launching two of his pet schemes. The volunteers are gone already, and by the end of this month the militia too will have ceased to exist. The new era then has commenced in earnest for better or worse, and henceforth there can be no turning back. The old militia and volunteers cannot be again resuscitated, and if these new schemes do not succeed we shall be compelled to reconsider our home defence problem from a new standpoint. The call made upon the territorial army, too, in time of stress will be much greater than that formerly made upon the volunteers. In previous crises we had over a hundred militia battalions ready to be embodied for garrison duty abroad and at home in order to release regular units for service in the field. Now we shall have less than forty designed solely for this purpose. The remainder of the militia battalions which have not been disbanded are becoming special reserve battalions whose primary duty is to serve the depôts and provide reinforcements for the line. Upon the territorial regiments, therefore, the burden of home defence will fall more heavily than before; and when we consider that no single volunteer unit was embodied as a whole during the South African war—although picked companies of volunteers reinforced the regular army in the field during 1899-1902—it will be seen at once that the new departure is a momentous one.

During the past fortnight a large portion of the new territorial force has been undergoing its annual and increased period of training. The most interesting feature of the fortnight's experiment is the way in which the new territorial field batteries

have acquitted themselves. The infantry have been engaged on their usual curriculum of work, and thus their training has not differed very materially from that which the old volunteer force formerly underwent, except that the period has been extended. Therefore no detailed notice of their work is necessary. But as regards the field batteries, several points are worthy of attention. The majority of these men, it must be remembered, have hitherto belonged to garrison or dismounted artillery units, and so these in the main, it is needless to state, could not ride. Thus in requiring these men not only to learn to ride, but also to drive gun teams in the limited time available, it is obvious that a good deal has been asked of them. The result in this particular respect has been satisfactory so far as it goes. The men have worked hard, and experienced artillery officers say that they have achieved wonders. Moreover, the actual target practice has been good in the circumstances. But these, after all, are only very preliminary measures towards the building up of field batteries capable of taking the field against a European enemy, without being a danger to their own side. There has been no time to enter into such complicated matters as tactical training and fine tactics. But enough has been done in the way of drill to show the impossibility of attaining any kind of real proficiency in battery leading by officers who, in the main, are "recruits" at such work. A fortiori when it comes to the question of taking up artillery positions chaos must result. Only long and continuous training can fit a unit to manœuvre in the field and place guns properly. As a rule, the officers commanding the brigades of field batteries are ex-Royal Artillery men, and of course the adjutants are regular gunners. But these two individuals cannot be everywhere and keep an eye on the movements of every gun; and we fail to see how, with the limited opportunities at their disposal, they are ever likely to be able to do so. Indeed so far it seems clear that Lord Roberts' strictures on the new experiment have been fully justified; and that Mr. Haldane's shadowy artillery advisers—whose names, by the way, have never been disclosed—have already been proved to be hopelessly in the wrong. It is difficult enough to train amateur officers, even in the infantry, to become efficient leaders. But when it comes to such extraordinarily difficult matters as leading batteries, placing guns in the right position when in action, and taking advantage of all the opportunities the ground offers, it will be seen at once that the difficulties of the problem are increased enormously.

Though the results so far as the keenness of all concerned appear to have been a success, a very sinister feature of the whole business has come to light. It has been found difficult in many cases to get the men to complete their fortnight in camp. This is not through any lack of enthusiasm on their part. It is simply due to the pertinent fact that employers of labour have found themselves unable in many cases, notably in the metropolitan district, to spare their men for the whole period. A week they can manage, but not a whole fortnight. The net result, therefore, of the new venture cannot be regarded as a success. An annual week in camp can in no way be deemed sufficient to enable the Territorial Army to take the field with any reasonable hope of success, when once the regular Army at home has left the country. It is true that Mr. Haldane always assumes that a six-months period of grace will be available at the outbreak of war, wherein to convert the Territorial Army into a real fighting machine. But here at any rate Mr. Haldane's clear thinking seems somewhat to have gone astray. History has an inconvenient knack of placing all such preconceived notions at fault. It is the unlikely that happens. The really important point, however, of these matters is the bearing they have on our antiquated system of voluntary service. Those employers of labour who have not been willing to dispense with the services of their men for the entire period of training have most unfairly been called unpatriotic. But why should these men be penalised and compelled to lose money simply because the nation at large will not look its responsibilities in the face, and undertake, as every other great European nation has

done, the traditional and primary duty of citizenship—the defence of the Empire? Without this liability, all schemes of army reform are bound to prove abortive. In these days of keen enterprise and competition it is unfair to ask a man to sacrifice his own interests to counteract the "laches" of his fellow-citizens. Were compulsion introduced, the burden of providing the necessary sinews of national insurance would fall more equitably on all; and no individual, be he employer or employed, would be placed at a disadvantage to his less patriotic neighbour. Mr. Haldane, in so far as he has managed actually to launch his scheme, has succeeded better than did either Mr. Brodrick or Mr. Arnold-Forster. But in spite of his placing the Volunteer organisation on a sound and businesslike basis, his plans, like theirs, will fail because they do not recognise that our voluntary system has become effete and antiquated.

### THE CITY.

WE often ask ourselves why the proprietors of newspapers employ a City editor and print financial articles. The most famous and employed City editor is Mr. Charles Duguid, who fulfils that duty for the "Daily Mail", the "Observer", and we think other daily and weekly organs. This gentleman is a confirmed "bear", by which we do not mean, of course, that he operates on the short side of the market, but that he sees everything black, and that to him all markets are "artificial", rotten, and inflated. Thus the leading American railway shares are "poker chips", and the market magnates (varying the metaphor) are "derrick-workers". The principal South African shares are gambling counters, and the operators "hustlers" or "feverish bulls", who are madly struggling to hoist prices, all of which stuff is intended to warn a credulous public off the ground. But the most remarkable fact is that Mr. Duguid, multiplied by four in the columns of as many powerful and popular journals, has rather less effect upon stock markets than a wet day. The stupid public refuses to be warned off, the brilliant boom in Yankees and the steady rise in dividend-paying Kaffirs being the indisputable features of the Stock Exchange for the last two months. Thus Canadian Pacifics have risen from 147 to 177, Union Pacifics from 120 to 167, Southern Pacifics from 67 to 97, and so on. Modderfonteins have risen from 6 to 9½, and East Rands, which pay 45 per cent. and stand at 4½, are being steadily absorbed by an intelligent public. All this is very sad, because of course the tide must ebb as well as flow, and when it does turn, why then Mr. Duguid will be right. Surely, however, it proves that City editors know no more than any attentive reader of the market quotations; that their prophetic capacity is less than that of the man in the street; and that as 90 per cent. of mankind are bulls, the theoretic bear annoys without guiding the patrons of the paper. It may be said that all this tells against ourselves; and frankly we see no justification for our own existence. If a City editor will give facts and figures, and communicate to his readers any information he may become possessed of, he is useful. But then he so seldom has any information, or, if he has, he is not able to publish it.

The amalgamation, or working agreement, of the London and North Western and Midland railways will possibly be advantageous to the public. What the effect may be upon the finances of the two companies we have not sufficient material to judge. The rise in the prices of Brums and Midland Preferred was probably as much sentimental as informed. The Argentine railway market is once more attracting investors and speculators by the steady increases of weekly traffics. Buenos Ayres and Pacifics have risen to 116, which for a seven per cent. stock with a preferential allotment of the new stock to be issued next month at par is absurdly cheap. Rosarios have risen to 109, and though they have not the speculative "trimmings" of Pacifics, they are a perfectly safe 6 per cent. security; and as they still carry a dividend of 2½ (the interim rate) they certainly are not dear. The best



speculative purchase in this market is undoubtedly Antofagasta Ordinary Deferred at 128, as the increase of traffic for the last six months is £135,677 over last year, and last year the price touched 175½. Another fairly safe speculation is Mexican Southern Ordinary at 50, as the 3 per cent. interest is pretty well assured, and last year they touched 68.

Does any one want a mining investment to yield him 14 per cent.? Then let him buy Alaska Treadwells at 5½, and he will draw £140 a year from a thousand pounds, and will receive it quarterly. This is not surmise, but fact, and the mine is managed by people above suspicion. Amongst the cheap and unknown Transvaal shares, which will rise considerably if there is any real movement in the autumn, Johannesburg Consolidated Goldfields (not Investment) are well worth inquiring after. Experience has made us sceptical about secret processes and patents; but we hear there is an Egyptian concession granted to utilise the classical "papyrus" on the banks of the Nile for the manufacture of paper. If there should be anything in it, the newspaper millionaire who has gone into the Canadian pulp business may have a bad quarter of an hour. "It's an ill-wind," &c.; and the slackening of trade in the provinces ought to bring grist to the stockbroker's mill.

## INSURANCE.

### SETTLING COMPENSATION CLAIMS.

FOR various reasons, most of which are not pleasant to contemplate, insurance companies have far more trouble in the settlement of claims for workmen's compensation than with claims for life, fire, or even accident insurance. That life policies should seldom give rise to disputes is due to the fact that when a death occurs no question can arise as to the amount that has to be paid, and it merely remains to determine that the proof of death and the title to the policy are clear.

In connexion with claims under fire policies there can easily be differences of opinion as to the value of the property destroyed, but it is not often that the settlement of a fire claim leads to trouble. In connexion with claims under the Workmen's Compensation Act disputes are frequent, and unhappily there is no doubt whatever that many of these are due to unsatisfactory behaviour on the part of more or less shady solicitors. The Act undoubtedly accounts for a good many of the disputes, since it is by no means easy to determine in certain cases whether or not the employee is entitled to compensation. Most frequently, however, there is no doubt that compensation must be paid; and the Act is clear enough as to the amount of compensation, provided the earnings of the employee do not give rise to differences of opinion. There may be questions as to the duration of incapacity and as to whether or not the incapacity is permanent. At the same time there would seem to be less cause for disputes over compensation claims than about fire losses, and yet, as a fact, there are many more and they are frequently conducted in a distinctly shady manner.

There is no doubt that many solicitors employ touts to follow up cases of accidents and so obtain business for their principals in return for a commission. In the United States of America these touts are appropriately called "ambulance chasers". If not yet known by this name in this country this class of person exists and is responsible for a great deal of mischief. Harm is done in two directions. Solicitors of the lowest class give the insurance companies a great deal of trouble and make unreasonable demands, which, in justice to other policyholders, the companies are bound to resist. In one sense the insurance companies are well able to take care of themselves, but these lawyers know perfectly well that the companies dislike extremely appearing in the Law Courts, and that they will submit to a certain measure of extortion rather than contest a case in the courts.

The clients, however, suffer more than the companies. An injured workman who puts his case into the hands of a shady lawyer can take it for granted that the company will, in such circumstances, pay as little as

possible, and the lawyer will keep for himself out of the compensation that is paid just as much as the client will permit without making an undue fuss. The only person who benefits by proceedings of this kind is the shady lawyer.

It is difficult to see that anything but harm can come to an injured employee by consulting a solicitor until compensation is refused or a dispute as to the amount arises. If the employer or his insurance company admits liability and agrees the amount of the employee's earnings, there can be no question as to the amount of the weekly compensation, although it is possible that the injured workman may want to claim compensation for a longer period than his incapacity has lasted.

Provision is made in the Act for a lump sum being substituted for weekly compensation, and frequently this is a convenient method of settlement, agreeable both to the injured workman and to the insurance company; quite occasionally differences as to the amount of this lump sum may require to be settled by the County Court, but good insurance companies find it pays them best to deal generously in the matter of claims so long as they feel that claimants are treating them with reasonable fairness.

Now and again County Court judges express their opinions of the conduct of cases. Not long since one judge remarked in reference to a solicitor who took the case into court, "I wish I had power to make the person who is responsible for bringing this case before the court pay the costs out of his pocket. A greater abuse of this benevolent Act I have never experienced."

While cautioning employees against yielding to the persuasion of "ambulance chasers" and employing shady solicitors, it is perhaps as well to add a caution to medical men. Solicitors frequently pester doctors for information about workmen whom they have attended, quite commonly taking up the doctor's time without offering him any fee and with the fullest intention of cutting down his fees to the smallest possible point if their clients win, and giving him nothing at all if their clients lose. Probably doctors are good-natured enough to supply this information because they think they are benefiting their patients. If medical men really want to help their patients, they had much better see that they go to a respectable firm of solicitors, or even themselves write a letter or two to the insurance company, which would frequently bring about a liberal settlement and avoid dispute.

## EARL CANNING K.G. THE FIRST VICEROY OF INDIA.

### AN APPRECIATION.

BY FIELD-MARSHAL SIR EVELYN WOOD V.C.

CHARLES JOHN CANNING was the son of the brilliant statesman, the devoted supporter of Pitt's measures for twelve years. The Earl's correspondence, believed to be voluminous, belongs to his heir, the Marquis of Clanricarde. If it is ever published, that between 1857 and 1862 will doubtless prove to be of great interest to students of the methods of India's government, and cannot fail to raise still higher our admiration of a great man, who was temporarily misjudged mainly because his acts were misunderstood.

Born in 1812, Mr. Canning passed from Eton to the house of a private tutor, and thence to Oxford, where he did well. His two elder brothers having died, Canning became heir to the peerage, and in 1836 entered the House of Commons as member for Warwick. He went to the Upper House in 1837, and four years later became Under Secretary in the Foreign Office. In 1855 he was nominated to succeed Earl Dalhousie as Governor-General, a post his father had been about to assume thirty years earlier, when instead of going to India he became Leader of the House of Commons.

Earl Canning, landing at Calcutta in 1856, succeeded his friend, the distinguished statesman, and impressive exponent of the policy of progress according to Western ideas. Canning, in a speech at the farewell dinner given to him by the Court of Directors of the East India Company, laid down his intention of ruling the

inhabitants of India so that "honour, good faith and fair dealing should be ever kept in view". Nobly he maintained that resolution; gifted with serene courage, which no danger could impair, he was eminently just, never hesitating to admit an error if convinced of it.

When within fifteen months of his assumption of office the supremacy of England in India was challenged, the Governor-General, unyielding to impulses of panic, "met the crisis with firmness, confidence, magnanimity and with calm inflexible justice".

In the summer of 1857 most Europeans in India and many Britons throughout the world "saw red", for they were haunted by tales of cruelty to our women and children too horrible to be dwelt on even now, when stripped of the grossly exaggerated versions current at the time.

Earl Canning by standing up for justice—and alas, it must be admitted, almost alone at the moment—though he could not prevent a Mutiny from developing into a Revolt, prevented a Revolt from becoming a war of races, and his patient wisdom helped greatly to soothe the bitter feelings aroused in the contending nationalities. To act thus it was necessary to disregard a tempest of vituperation, for the national emotions became almost uncontrollable.

An irritated community in Calcutta petitioned the Home Government for the recall of the Governor-General, alleging that "many of the calamities were directly due to the weakness and incapacity of the Government". There were many indictments some few, in the opinion of the writer of this appreciation, who landed in India at the end of 1857, affording sound reasons for discontent: for example, the delay to muzzle the seditious native press and accept volunteers to garrison Calcutta that regular troops might be liberated for service up country; but most of the complaints were unjust, some indeed were silly.

The petitioners who complained that after much native treachery the Governor-General had appointed a Mohammedan to be Deputy Commissioner of Patna, a stronghold of Mohammedans, omitted to add that the gentleman was a barrister, resident in Calcutta, with a large practice, and was a strong and loyal supporter of the Government. Another complaint was founded on the misapprehension of an act which, even if it stood alone, would show how superior the Governor-General was to those Europeans who demanded vigorous punishment of rebels without discrimination. In the early days of the outbreak summary powers of life and death were necessarily entrusted to civilian administrators. In July 1857 Lord Canning issued instructions limiting and regulating such powers with the view of ensuring that justice should be done to the native populations, and directing that native soldiers should be handed over to military tribunals in order to secure for them a fair trial.

The Governor-General showed one of his colleagues some reports which illustrated painfully the absolute necessity for curbing the unfettered power of men who were incapable of administering justice in a time of excitement. The colleague urged the publication of the reports in reply to the charges of Lord Canning's calumniators, but he locked up the papers, preferring to suffer any obloquy rather than discredit his countrymen. He was satisfied in having checked the evil by revoking the authority for summary powers.

The blind passion for indiscriminate revenge was not confined to India. Public speakers and writers in England clamoured for vengeance in a manner which is so unpleasant that I should not mention it but for the fact of its placing Canning on a higher pedestal. Mr. Disraeli, to his great honour, vehemently protested against the craze when it was at its height. Earl Canning slaved on with calm, unruffled nerve. Some writers credit him with all his prompt and wise actions, and attribute his failures to the ignorance of his advisers as to the feelings of natives. This sort of praise belittles a man; sailors, soldiers, and administrators must be judged by their public acts. Earl Canning was not perfect, far from it. Lord Beaconsfield told the writer of this notice that he believed much of his own success was undoubtedly due to his leaving details to his subordinates. Canning was too scrupulous, nay, too fastidious, to adopt such measures,

which are indeed essential for success in a ruler of millions of peoples.

This fact the Governor-General did not at first understand, and in doing too much himself caused serious delays in the public service. He worked literally day and night for many months, until one day in January 1858 his brain power becoming exhausted, he collapsed. It was not, however, in moral courage only that he o'er-towered most of his colleagues and subordinates, but his judgment, after his first failure to grasp the serious aspect of the military situation, was pre-eminently sound.

Sir Colin Campbell wished to delay the recapture of Lucknow in 1858 until he had re-established order in Rohilkand, but Canning, having courteously explained his reasons for dissenting from the veteran soldier's views, reiterated his orders, and the result fully justified the Governor-General's decision. Again, when that great administrator Mr. John Lawrence, with all the experience of his long service in Upper India, sought discretionary authority to cede Peshawar, should he consider it necessary, to the Amir of Afghanistan, Canning without hesitation replied in July 1857: "Hold on to Peshawar to the last". He saw more clearly than did his noble-hearted lieutenant the fatal effect any such prospective cession would produce in Southern and Western India.

On the other hand the Governor-General, possibly from his unusually calm, courageous temperament, did not outwardly at all events show sufficient sympathy with the apprehensions of those about him, many of whom, it is only fair to assume, were more nervous for the safety of their families than for their own lives. Those, however, who nicknamed him "Clemency Canning" did not know that he had written in May 1857 to the Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Provinces regarding the Mirath mutineers, "No severity can be too great for them"; and that his constant anxiety was not to condone mutiny, but to ensure for mutineers and for all over whom he ruled a fair trial for alleged crimes.

After the fall of Delhi the tide ran steadily against the rebels, and following British successes more reasonable views prevailed, not only in England but also in India; moreover, the splendid services rendered by native troops silenced those who at first were unable to believe in the loyalty of coloured men to the British Government.

Lord Canning learnt early in July 1858 of Lord Palmerston's Bill for transferring the powers of the East India Company to the Crown. This was not in effect as great a change as regards administration as it appeared on the surface to be; and Canning with a foreboding knowledge, which was fifty years in advance of his fellow-men, was apprehensive only of the ill-considered interference of members of Parliament.

The change of Governments, bringing into office three Ministers who had criticised adversely Canning's administration, did not seriously disturb his mind. When Oudh was being reconquered, Lord Canning drafted a proclamation apparently so drastic as to induce strong protests from the Resident, General Sir James Outram. It was modified, but a Cabinet Minister, who, having been Governor-General himself, should have been cautious not to weaken Lord Canning's position, not only disallowed his proclamation, but published a caustic and rancorous criticism of it in London. By this time, however, opinions had veered round, and the Government would probably have fallen had not the Minister, accepting the full responsibility of his despatch, resigned his office.

Lord Canning became the first Viceroy on 2 August 1858, and on 8 July 1859 proclaimed peace throughout India. The last months of the Viceroy's reign were darkened by the sudden death of his devoted wife, whose noble character had supported her husband and lightened his labours in all his severe trials. Before he left India in March 1862 the local press fully admitted his great services, and one of the farewell addresses alluded happily to his "justice and humanity". Three months later two of his fellow-workers in the reconquest of Hindustan, Clyde and Outram, stood by their great chief's grave when he was buried in Westminster Abbey.



## KILKENNY.

By C. LITTON FALKINER.

[Mr. Litton Falkiner, whose untimely death in Switzerland those who had the great privilege of his acquaintance know not whether to deplore more on public or on private grounds, intended ultimately to publish in book form the articles on cities of Ireland which have been appearing from time to time in this REVIEW. He had planned to include in the series most of the Irish cities. "Kilkenny" and "Armagh" were done and in type before his death: but we fear no others. "Armagh" will be published next week. There is no reason now for keeping back Mr. Falkiner's name.—ED. S. R.]

THE morning of Kilkenny's history is a morning without a dawn. No far beginnings of a dim tradition go back to the twilight of the gods. We pass without transition from utter dark to clear day. The city emerges into history only at the period from which it is possible to watch its subsequent course in almost unbroken continuity. For of Kilkenny in the dark ages practically nothing is known or knowable. Unlike Armagh and some other cities, it has no pre-Christian legends; and although from about the sixth century it was probably the seat of a monastery founded by the saint from whom the place takes its name, no record of the primitive community of S. Canice has been preserved for us. An inland town, thirty or forty miles from the sea, Kilkenny escaped the incursions of the Danes, and we are thus without even such negative evidence of its state in the ninth century as the chronicles of Viking raids have preserved for us in the case of many other towns. Thus of civil history prior to Plantagenet times Kilkenny has practically none. All that the annalists record of earlier date is that in 1085 "Ceall-Cainnigh was for the most part burned", and that sixty years later Gillpatrick, one of the chiefs of the adjacent district, was treacherously killed there by the rival sept of the O'Brenans. There can indeed be little doubt that the site of the Norman castle which for above seven centuries has kept watch and ward over what is called in Ireland "the marble city" must in yet earlier days have been the fortress of the lords of Ossory. But it is only with the advent of Strongbow that Kilkenny first appears on the stage of history; though a strong argument for the existence of a pre-Norman town is supplied in a couplet in the old French "Song of Dermot and the Earl", which describes how Strongbow's followers quartered at Kilkenny returned after holding council of war "to the hostels where they were before lodged".

In the story of not a few Irish cities, where the poverty of material forbids any consecutive narrative, it chances that the barrenness of their civil annals is in some degree redressed by the wealth of ecclesiastical records. But in the case of Kilkenny not only its civil but its ecclesiastical history dates from the coming of the Norman. It is true that none of the Irish dioceses has an antiquity older than that of Ossory. Its founder, S. Ciaran, was the contemporary, if not, as some claim, the precursor of S. Patrick. But the monastery of Saighir, which was the earliest capital of the see whose centre is now fixed in Kilkenny, is situate in the King's County, and separated by half the diocese of Killaloe from that of which Seir-Kieran is still a parish. Later the fame of the first Bishop of Ossory became eclipsed by that of S. Caineach (Kenny), the comrade of S. Columba. But though it is with Kilkenny that the memory of this saint is now connected, the headquarters of the see of Ossory remained for some centuries at Aghabo, where S. Caineach had founded a monastery. It was not until 1178 that Bishop O'Dullany, transferring both the tomb of this saint and the ancient chair of S. Ciaran to the site of the cathedral of S. Canice, permanently erected Kilkenny into the capital of the diocese. Thus the period of the foundation of the see of Ossory is, like the history of the city, coeval with the English conquest of Ireland. And although the round tower which stands close to the mediæval cathedral undoubtedly derives from an older foundation and an earlier age, it is with the settlement of Strongbow in the midst of the territories

brought him by his marriage with Eva McMurrough that the story of Kilkenny, ecclesiastical as well as civil, begins. From Strongbow's time to that of the Tudors the history of Kilkenny is an epitome of that of the English in Ireland. It was by his son-in-law William Marshall, Earl of Pembroke, that the foundations were laid of that famous castle which, alone among Irish residences, can boast a continuous occupation for above seven centuries. On the failure of the male heirs of the Pembroke line and the partition of the vast Strongbow inheritance among five heiresses, Kilkenny passed to the De Clares, Earls of Hertford and Gloucester, and from them to the Despencers. From these last the castle was purchased in 1392 by James, third Earl of Ormond, the head of that illustrious house which already ruled the great palatinate of Tipperary, and with whose fortunes the story of the city has ever since been indissolubly connected.

The importance and interest of Kilkenny in the mediæval history of Ireland arises in part from its geographical position, in part from its being continuously in the possession of families closely allied to the Norman or English interest, and devotedly attached to the English connexion. Though lying beyond the Pale, its proximity to Waterford, the strategic key to South Leinster, and its position within eighty miles of Dublin, made it comparatively easy of access from England. On the other hand, its neighbourhood to the wild territories of Ossory and Leix made its possession by friendly hands a matter of serious consequence to the English crown. Hence it was that Kilkenny was called upon to play so conspicuous a part in the political history of Ireland. Down to Tudor times it was the frequent meeting-place of Parliament, including that famous assembly convened by Lionel, Duke of Clarence, which passed the well-known enactment that takes its name from the town. It was by the provisions of the Statute of Kilkenny that the Plantagenet rulers of the country sought to maintain the use of the English language, and to enforce adherence to English modes of civilisation in those territories where the descendants of the Anglo-Norman colonists had become more Irish than the Irish themselves. To this same nearness to the seat of English power Kilkenny owes the first of at least three visits with which it has been honoured by English Sovereigns. It was at Kilkenny that, shortly after its acquisition by the Earls of Ormond, Richard II. fixed his Court for a fortnight in that last and fatal expedition to Ireland which heralded the fall of his fortunes. An episode in his sojourn forms one of the many incidents which gilds Kilkenny history with the romance of the Middle Ages. For it was from the castle of Kilkenny that the English Sovereign took the field on the day when he knighted the heir of the rival who was so soon to dethrone him. As the old French chronicler tells the tale, the King "out of true and entire affection sent for the son of the Duke of Lancaster, a fair, young and handsome bachelor, and knighted him, saying, 'My fair cousin, henceforth be preux and valiant, for you have some valiant blood to conquer'".

In later Plantagenet and early Tudor times the story of Kilkenny is involved in the long feuds which the Earls of Ormond maintained with the Desmond Geraldines, their neighbours to the south-west, and the Leinster FitzGerald, their rivals in that struggle for the possession of administrative power which occupied so much of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and which culminated in the devastating wars of Elizabeth. It was in her reign, and in the time of the celebrated Thomas, tenth Earl of Ormond, cousin to his Sovereign through her Boleyn blood, that Kilkenny was raised into a city; and it was on his invitation that Spenser made acquaintance with the place and was able to make familiar mention of it in his enumeration of the Irish rivers:

"the stubborne Newre, whose waters grey  
By faire Kilkenny and Rosponté boord".

But though the traditions of Kilkenny are thus English, the city is very far from being without its patriotic memories. For by an odd irony it was in this very centre of English influence that the only parliamentary assembly which can fairly be termed Irish held independent sway for close on a decade.

To Irish patriots Kilkenny is above all else the city of the Confederation. Here from 1642 to 1648 the Irish Catholic Confederation held its meetings, made its laws, and raised its armies, under the very shadow of the castle whose lord was throughout that period the actual Viceroy of Ireland. The story of the Kilkenny Confederation is the most remarkable example in modern history of the existence of a *de facto* government, civil and military, completely armed with all the normal powers of central administration, concurrently with the maintenance of the *de jure* authority in the country. The deliberations of the Confederation were held with all the forms of Parliament, and the Supreme Council which constituted the executive discharged all the offices of Government. It stamped its own coins, set up its own courts of justice, settled the ownership of estates, re-established the Roman form of worship, sent embassies to foreign Courts, and received the Pope's Nuncio in its midst. This last and crowning mark of its sovereign authority contained the elements of disruption. Dissension led the way to the "Cessation" or understanding with Ormond and the Royalist party which preceded the death of Charles I.; and a year or two later the cannon of Cromwell compelled the surrender of the city. It was doubtless in recognition of the strength of its patriotic instincts and the part played by the Confederation that after the Restoration the Irish town was erected into an independent borough returning, like the city itself, two members to the Irish Parliament. This arrangement lasted until the Union; but was evidently not without its disadvantages; for it is to the bickerings between the rival municipalities that we owe the legend of the Kilkenny cats. The annals of the city under the later Stuarts continued to be filled with interesting incidents. Under the ægis of the first Duke of Ormond, the illustrious personage who was thrice Viceroy of Ireland and earned the envy of contemporary courtiers as the richest subject of the King, Kilkenny became, in the words of an English writer, "the most pleasant and delightful town of the kingdom of Ireland". The year after the old Duke's death saw it in the hands of James II.'s army; but the second Duke, adhering to William III., soon had the satisfaction of entertaining that monarch in his ancestral castle. Thereafter the prosperity of Kilkenny suffered an eclipse from which it has never wholly recovered, in the temporary ruin of the illustrious house of Ormond, through the attainder and exile of the second Duke. The interest of its modern annals is literary and dramatic rather than legislative or military. Congreve, Swift, and Berkeley received their education in Kilkenny School, and the drama nowhere received greater encouragement in Ireland than in the private theatre which flourished in Kilkenny at the beginning of the last century.

## TWO WAYS OF ART.

By LAURENCE BINYON.

SOME time ago it chanced to me to spend an hour of a summer afternoon with some friends in an old house and garden in the country. Not a great or famous house, though it had once belonged to a queen, but of a certain nobleness of proportion, and the air of state and dignity was enhanced by the height of wall enclosing the forecourt, and the gateway of carved stone. A quiet river refreshed irregular lawns at the back, winding under willow and rose-bush; a green islet, quite overgrown, divided the stream. Walls of lichen brick, topped with a beautiful stone coping, shut in a warm flower-garden, filled with spicy scents of all old-fashioned flowers: stocks, clove-pinks, sweet-williams, roses. Indoors, the panelled rooms, small in reality, looked spacious, being liberally proportioned; one felt at ease with a sense of harmony and rest. The wood-panels, fashioned in the large design of the seventeenth century (finer to my feeling than the elegance of the succeeding age) needed no decoration. Fire-places, door-plates, and other small furniture of metal-work showed the beauty and fine shapes of strength that old English handiwork had before the Frenchman came in William and Mary's time to change the taste and

fashion in such mouldings. Fancy peopled these rooms with their dead inhabitants, recalling such indoor companies on candle-lit evenings as Campion celebrates in those pleasant lines "Now winter nights enlarge The number of their hours"; or that more austere "interior" of Milton's invitation to the neat repast of Attic taste, light and choice, with wine,

"whence we may rise  
To hear the lute well toucht, or artfull voice  
Warble immortal Notes and Tuscan Air".

But all that world has gone; we have new ways, and new endeavours.

At the Albert Hall, this last month, the Allied Artists' Association, Limited, has been holding its first exhibition. Between three and four thousand pictures, statues, drawings, and prints, were offered to the visitor's gaze; a far greater number even than the Academy exposes. And now August gathered together an International Art Congress at South Kensington, in the buildings of London University; and at the Museum, close by, is an exhibition of the methods of teaching drawing in the service of the applied arts.

Surely we are very busy about Art, very eager and solicitous to get hold of Art by some means or another. And yet . . .

My thoughts turn back to seventeenth-century England, relics of which survive for us in many such old houses and gardens as I have pictured. There was little then in our country of what goes nowadays by the name of Art. English gentlemen learned to draw then, just as they learnt to sing, but there were few English painters or sculptors, and no exhibitions. But is it unreasonable to maintain that in the atmosphere breathed by those gracious personages of Van Dyck's portraiture, in that fine fabric of existence and manners, there was a diffusion of beauty worth more, and representing more real success of art, than our agitated efforts, with all the multitudinous production of high and varied talent? That age of Englishmen produced little in the way of painting, and nothing of imaginative painting: but that fact only accentuates the meagre and contracted conception of art now prevalent, as if art meant only the painted picture of the exhibitions. Perhaps in gardens, and in the shaping of silvan surroundings to a home, the instinct for beauty is best shown, and shown most widely, among the English of to-day; this is something "ancient and inbred", which the vile uses of commercialism have had little opportunity to kill. Art in our time seems, by contrast, like an iridescent oil spread about on the surface of the muddy waters of our civilisation; it and life don't mix.

Such rather melancholy thoughts haunted me in wandering round the vast circle of the Albert Hall, and admiring the endless array of canvases. To one who believes that the proper way to see pictures is to see one at a time on a wall by itself, and if possible in a room to itself, these monstrous exhibitions are a kind of horror, a barbarism. But it is our modern way, the outcome of modern conditions; the public is responsible for it, not the artists, or at least far more than the artists. It is no use complaining that altogether too many people paint and draw and model, filled with the notion of expressing their personality, as the saying goes: they will do it, and they are bent on having the verdict of the public on their productions. But how to reach the public? There are many exhibiting societies, but they all have a jury to sift the works submitted to them; and it appears that juries always consist of men who have already made their reputation, and who are apt to be prejudiced against anything new in the way of ideal or technique. The Allied Artists' Association has been formed, like a similar society in France, to give everyone a chance, without favour or prejudice. There is no selecting jury. You paint your picture, pay your subscription, and are sure of being hung, with just as good a chance of being in a conspicuous position as quite famous exhibitors. These being, as a foreword to the catalogue explained, the aims and principles of the new society, I was curious to see the works of these newest of the new generation, crowded out and rejected by the prejudice of juries. But the difficulty was to find any of these too daring innovators. Much of the youthful and promising talent



of the country was represented among the painters; but one knew them all before. Some of the actual works which they showed had been seen, and better seen, in other galleries this season. In fact, in such a huge show no one could really be seen to advantage; and the democratic principles of hanging resulted in the banishing of a group of exhibitors, among whom were M. Raffaelli and Mr. Von Glehn, to a remote part of the building. However, to take the exhibition on its merits, it must be confessed that there was plenty to interest. There were works by Mr. Pryde, Mr. Steer, Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Bernhard Sickert, Mr. Roussel, Mr. Byam Shaw, and others well known to all of us; but interest centered rather on less prominent names. Mr. Glyn Philpot, one of the very few of the new generation from whom we may hope for some achievement of the imaginative order, showed a group of canvases, proving that his natural sense of style is developing out of the imitative stage to a more assured grasp of material; his picture of "Christ Mocked by the Soldiers" was not unworthy of its ambition. It was a delight, again, to see a group of small pictures by the Irish poet Mr. George Russell, none quite so captivating as that in the Dublin gallery, now lent to Shepherd's Bush, but all full of the same rare sense of beauty. Mr. Foottett's pastoral landscapes, with their poetic feeling, and the excellent London scenes by Clare Atwood, were also noticeable. Mr. Kelly, Mr. Connard, Mr. Ginnett, Mr. Sydney Lee, Mr. Hayward were well represented. And, with a great deal of what was bad and dull, there was a fair amount of good things among the paintings and drawings by exhibitors unknown to the public, but nothing, it seemed to me, very remarkable. On an average it was much like the Academy over again. The new Association has one advantage: the works of each artist are grouped together, and this is a real gain. But to advance on shows like the Academy, what is wanted is more, and not less, discrimination. Art is from beginning to end, from the artist's first groping conception to the framing and placing of a picture, an affair of perpetual fine choosing. To sacrifice this principle of choice is to sacrifice something that belongs to the essence of taste. I hope the Allied Artists will compensate for the sacrifice by discovering a genius.

To return to my initial lament. The teaching of drawing, it appears from the reports of the International Congress, suffers, like the production of pictures, from being out of touch with life. Just as pictures are painted for exhibitions, instead of for dwelling-rooms or for churches, so drawing (I quote from an instructive paper read by Mr. Lethaby) is generalised into a grammar apart from its application, and taught "in artificial compartments, as freehand drawing, model drawing, perspective drawing, life drawing, and the like". This is a fruitful subject, on which I cannot now dilate. But is it not remarkable how this disease of losing sight of the object of study or production in the study or production itself, runs through our modern existence? We pursue Art, and lose beauty. But at least, I think, we are waking up to the fact; and the first basis of hope is a profound dissatisfaction.

### THE HAUNT OF THE STONE CURLEW.

By CANON JOHN VAUGHAN.

AMONG the birds in which Gilbert White took a special interest the Stone Curlew or Norfolk Plover must be given a foremost place. His description of this "handsome tall bird", as Sir Thomas Browne, the famous naturalist and antiquary, calls it, "remarkably eyed, and with a bill not above two inches long", still remains a classical passage on the species. He speaks of the Stone Curlew, in a letter written in 1768, as occupying "the high elevated fields and sheep walks" about Selborne. "Some of them", he adds, "pass over my house almost every evening after it is dark, from the uplands of the Hill and North Field, away down towards Dorton, where, among the streams and meadows, they find a greater plenty of food." He repeatedly refers to their "short quick note", and in

one of his poems on a summer evening's walk he "hears the clamorous curlew call his mate".

A hundred and forty years have passed by since White wrote of the Stone Curlew "in manners analogous to the bustard" as "abounding in all the campaign parts of Hampshire and Sussex", and those years have seen great changes in the conditions of country life. Many of the vast stretches of barren wold and downland have been put under the plough or otherwise invaded by modern improvements. Steam-engines and mowing-machines break the silence of the country-side, and railways run through the ancient solitudes. And these changes have considerably affected the distribution of birds. Many of the haunts of the Stone Curlew have been rudely disturbed, and its numbers in consequence diminished. In one of his charming papers Mr. Hudson laments the disappearance of the bird from the Sussex downs, where in White's time it "abounded". Professor Bell, who for thirty years occupied the naturalist's old home at Selborne, tell us that during that long period he had never once seen a Stone Curlew alive or dead. In Yorkshire, too, the species is reported to be far scarcer than in former years.

In spite, however, of Professor Bell's statement, the Stone Curlew continues to maintain its position in Gilbert White's old country, and in undiminished numbers. Most of the lonely uplands and unfrequented sheep-walks of Hampshire are tenanted by two or three pairs of this exceedingly shy and retiring bird, whose weird and plaintive cry is so entirely in keeping with its surroundings. In the hilly district of the north, called by Mr. Dewar the Hampshire Highlands, in the neighbourhood of Selborne, on the chalk downs around Winchester, along the ridge of high barren land which stretches from Butser to Old Winchester Hill, indeed on most of the exposed uplands where "solitude and silence reign", the Stone Curlew, from March to Michaelmas, may be found.

One lonely haunt of this strangely fascinating bird is intimately known to the writer. Far away from any village or hamlet, in the heart of the chalk country, where the ground rises to some six hundred feet above the sea level, a deep dip or depression in the downs falls away to the south-west. Not a cottage or homestead is visible from the sequestered spot, where the silence is broken only by the distant sound of the sheep-bell or the mournful wail of the peewit. The name of the nearest farm, which nestles beside a wood some little distance away, bears witness to the loneliness of the situation. It is known by the picturesque name of Lone Barn, and another farm a mile to the north is called in an ancient document Lonemore. To the breezy upland which stretches between Lone Barn and Lonemore several pairs of the Stone Curlew return every spring. The trough-like depression cut out of the down is their favourite haunt and nesting-place. The sides of the hollow are seamed with rabbit-burrows, and innumerable grey flints are scattered over the turf. Dwarf elder-bushes, and stunted thorns thickly clothed with shaggy lichens, are dotted over the down, on the ridge of which stand several noble yew-trees. The short turf is starred with wildflowers, and in July, when the young birds are running about among the grey stones, the yellow lotus or Bird's-foot Trefoil and the purple thyme make a brave show. In places, where the soil has been thrown up by the rabbits, a few fox-gloves are conspicuous, and several species of our wild orchids may be found.

Very difficult of approach is the Stone Curlew. Its large yellow goggle eyes seem to see in every direction, and on the slightest indication of danger, the scream of a blackbird, the cry of a peewit, the sudden scuttle of a rabbit, the birds steal silently away, or crouch down motionless on the ground among the grey flints, where it is very difficult to discern them. Still, by dint of much careful stalking, taking advantage of the contour of the ground, the way of the wind, and the shelter of every thorn-bush, it is possible, especially in nesting-time, to make the acquaintance of these strange birds in their native haunts. Several times during the past spring and summer have I watched at close quarters through a field-glass the Stone Curlews in the hollow near Lonemore Farm. Their first attempt at breeding

was spoilt by the great snowstorm of 25 April, when the snow lay nearly two feet thick on the exposed upland. A second clutch of eggs was laid on the bare ground, and this time all went well. During the period of incubation, and for some little time after the eggs were hatched, the birds were mostly to be seen near the same spot. The way of approaching them was soon learnt, and from the shelter of a spreading thorn I could note their ways unperceived, until at length revealing myself the birds would swiftly scuttle away with necks extended over the ground, taking flight only at some distance, when, uttering their wild harsh cry, what Tennyson calls "the great plover's human whistle", they would disappear in the deepening twilight.

After sunset the Stone Curlew leaves his upland haunts, and visits the low-lying meadow in search of food and water. Often in still summer nights his weird note may be heard in the water-meadows, or as he flies overhead in the darkness. As autumn approaches the birds congregate into flocks, old and young together, the latter being easily distinguished by their swollen leg-joints, "like those of a gouty man", as White said, which have earned for the species the name of *Edicnemus* or *Thick-knee*. These flocks are sometimes put up by sportsmen when out partridge-shooting in September. Gilbert White tells us that after harvest he had shot them before the pointers in turnip-fields. A few years ago I received a specimen from Selborne which had been obtained in similar circumstances. Mr. Dewar mentions having seen a flock of over forty birds in the Hampshire Highlands on 25 September 1897. Still, so shy and wary are the birds that, considering their numbers and wide distribution, they are comparatively seldom seen. The famous Hampshire sportsman, Colonel Peter Hawker, only shot five in fifty years. One of these he mentions in his Diary, under 7 July 1813: "Killed a stone curlew (on my return from waiting for the deer) late at night, by calling it close to me with imitating its whistle."

#### THE SOLDIER-FLOWER.

HOW is it the gladiolus has no popular name? The wild flower could hardly have—not one villager in a thousand can have heard of it—but it is an old friend in cottage gardens. In those gay little patches which seem to absorb sunshine, to be steeped in it, in a way no other gardens are, the old red gladiolus flamed with yellow shows bravely in the autumn. Boldly it stands up to the sun; one feels that heat and light has gone much to its making. And where the gladiolus does bloom in a cottage garden, the garden as it lives to you in memory will be the gladiolus. It is those glowing flame-red spikes that will live in the mind's eye; and will serve to call back other corners of the garden and other flowers which but for the challenge of the gladiolus, calling you to stop and look, would hardly have been noticed and certainly would not have been remembered. But it is a nuisance to have to speak of a flower with associations so purely English, so homely, so rustic, by a Latin name. It jars on one to hear the labourer's good-wife, in the midst of honest talk in the natural speech of the place, bringing out this alien word, necessarily with a wrong quantity, unless it is barbarised into "gladiole", a word that has no meaning for her—she does not even know that she is using a foreign word, so entirely is the name a blank to her—though it has in itself a meaning fit enough for the object. As names go, gladiolus is a better name than most. A "little sword" is not at all a bad description of a gladiolus leaf. It comes up out of the ground a sharp point; nothing but a point and almost flat like a sword's point. Then the blade begins to show, and soon a double-edged sword is thrust up, as though some invisible hand beneath, holding the sword by the hilt, had pushed it perpendicularly up through the earth. But it soon leaves the perpendicular; two blades give off out of one, at sharp angles to each other. Now it seems as if the invisible hand held two swords by their hilts so that the hilt-ends of the blades crossing made the apex of an inverted triangle, whose base is an imaginary line drawn in the air from the tip of one leaf pointing to the right to the tip of the other leaf

pointing to the left. Not every gladiolus grows as correctly as this; the triangle has at times but one leg. Other times the point comes up not quite straight, curving more after the fashion of a scimitar. But the gladiolus is singularly regular, even suggesting mathematics, in its habit. And "little sword" always fits the leaf well enough. The edges are very sharp and can easily cut the hand or the lips. And sword-like the first shoot of a gladiolus, springing from the corm, will go through nearly anything. It will pierce hard-crusted soil seemingly impossible to get through. Bury the corm deep as you may in stiff soil, it will come through, if it shoots at all. "Little sword" will serve very well; why then should it not be called the sword-flower? The flower itself, however, is not like a sword; it could not suggest a sword or any other blade. Perhaps one should not call a plant after its leaves alone. The leaves of the gladiolus are striking, but not so striking as are the spikes of flower. "Spikes" is a bad word too—the florists' word—a flowering stem really much more resembles a feather, a fine large feather well spread. We must have some name that will carry the whole plant. One should never think of a flower without the leaves and stem. For the effect of the blossom depends on the habit of the whole plant. A cut flower by itself is a monster, a decapitated head; and the leaves by themselves are without their crown. "Little sword" fails as a name just when the plant attains the pride of life; it gives you the plant's ambition but not its goal.

Sword suggests soldier; why not soldier-flower? A good short straightforward name. Soldier-flower would come naturally to any rustic, as to anybody else. He would feel that those tall scarlet chaps, standing up so boldly, so conspicuous in his garden, ought to be called soldiers. Who can look at a bed of the ordinary scarlet gladiolus (*Brenchlyensis*) without thinking of a regiment of soldiers? It is a military flower nearly every way. It has the military carriage. It does not always stand upright, it is true; the flower generally, in fact always, bends over; but if the curve is at all marked, we feel instinctively that it ought not to be. We want to make it erect, and we tie it to a stick. A gladiolus—soldier-flower—how much better it sounds!—that does not stand up well affects one just in the same way as a soldier who stoops, who is not well-set-up, smart. One often hears it objected against gladioli that they are stiff, not graceful, plants. It is quite true their habit unfits them for vases, and their effect is not happy in a pot. In the open their bold erect carriage has its place; a carriage that no doubt has the defects of its qualities. In fact, it is like the military carriage: very smart, but a little stiff. There are plenty of straggling, trailing, loose plants; a little stiffening is no harm in a garden. Very few plants, any more than very few men, can have everything. If the gladiolus were more graceful, it would probably be less bold in carriage. There is nothing impudent or brassy in its demeanour. If it pulls itself together and carries its head high, it has a right to; it is extremely smart; there is no smarter flower; and if it did not stand well up, much of the effect of its smartness would be lost. Its especial distinctions—its orders and medals—are worn inside the floweret; they are not marks to be ashamed of, but to be seen.

And if the gladiolus' brilliant and sometimes blazing blossom looks you in the face boldly, it is not an insolent stare; it is the stare of the well-bred aristocrat. You may prefer other moods of face, but this is plainly a gentleman who is looking at you so straight. Strictly, the gladiolus does not look at you as straightly as some other flowers—very often it looks down a good deal too much—but the extreme brilliancy of the colour arrests you and makes you think it is staring at you. Some there are, too, who call the gladiolus garish; they are the people who sniff at the gorgeousness of parrots and macaws and paradise birds. The uncatholic fastidiousness that cannot like a flower that has no scent or a bird that has no song makes one impatient. There are rare emotions, of course, which a merely gorgeous flower or gorgeous bird will not stir. The gladiolus may not be of the highest. You can hardly have the highest effect where



you have extreme intensity of colour. Ruskin admitted that colour tended to take from form. So the highest effect will require a blend of colour and form—a sort of common denominator—which will rule out extreme brilliancy or boldness. There are more beautiful flowers than any gladiolus; but that is not a condemnation of the less beautiful. The glory of the gladiolus is its miracles in colour: brilliant colours, no doubt, are, in many varieties, laid on with a lavishness that to some eyes will seem crude. The wondrous colours of Lemoine's gladioli—without a rival surely in the whole world of flowers—are arranged hardly. There is little graduation; it is truly enough a splash of one intense colour on another intense colour, and the effect is startling, violent. Brilliant, splendid, handsome, one must say of the gladiolus; there are rarer words we could not use. Again, just the effect of the military uniform. To the superior taste the red coat, the gold braid, may be a trifle garish, but it has an admirable effect in a crowd. Any way the soul that cannot enjoy the glory and gorgeousness of a company of gladioli in full flower is wrong somewhere. William the Conqueror's oath should rather come to his mind and he should rejoice in the "splendour of God".

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### MICHAEL DAVITT AND THE BOERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Paris 9 August 1908.

SIR,—With reference to "Pat's" letter in your issue of 1 August may I ask you courteously to allow me a few lines, not indeed to enter into a contest at the level of "Pat's" tentative wit, but to remove certain misapprehensions likely to be caused by his manner of insinuation? I did not call any statement of Davitt's false; I protested against the way in which "Pat" had represented Davitt.

The story of my release from prison involves many factors, but it was Davitt who in his characteristically generous style gave the decisive impulse to the movement. I have warm regards for all who interested themselves in my behalf; what then must have been my feelings to one who rendered me such noble service?

As to the action of the King, or my attitude in that respect, a discussion on these subjects would require more space than I could reasonably request. The nearest approach to a straight proposition which I find in "Pat" is when he says: "I should feel bound in consistency to go back to prison". Now, on the morning of my release from prison and before the ceremony was concluded, I said to the Governor that I would remain in prison rather than subscribe to any conditions. . . . Mon idée, ma vie.

ARTHUR LYNCH.

#### SWITZERLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Le Manoir, Loches, Indre et Loire, France,  
8 August 1908.

SIR,—I have just read your issue of 23 July. As a British subject and an ardent lover of my country and fair play, I would fain crave leave to ask Mr. Beerbohm a question or two which I will endeavour to formulate with all the courtesy and respect due to a Saturday Reviewer, for I render full and deserved homage to his exquisite wit and brilliant pen. Have not these, however, made havoc of his powers of observation? or has his boutade "Porro Unum . . ." been written in a holiday, not a serious, mood?

"Not one idea, not one deed, has Switzerland to her credit . . . not one painter, not one musician—only couriers, guides, waiters and other parasites"!

As a seven-and-twenty years' sojourner in beautiful little Switzerland, who has been in close acquaintance-ship and very strong friendship with many Swiss, I venture to ask Mr. Beerbohm under which of the above denominations he would class Calame, Gleyre and Boeklin? or Doret and Jacques Dalcroze? or again Vinet, Charles Secretan, Victor Cherbuliez and Edouard Rod? Verily Buloz and Brunetière—stern and merciless critics, if ever such existed—could scarcely have shared

Mr. Beerbohm's sweeping contempt, else the three last-mentioned authors would not have been, time and again, welcomed as collaborateurs in the "Revue des Deux Mondes".

Few great nations can boast of the highly intellectual culture and universal political maturity which so many seriously observant travellers have noticed in this small country. It were long indeed to enumerate only a small fraction of Swiss-born men of mark. Their name is legion, for this little people has long been among the bravest pioneers of civilisation, education and science. What about the worth of such men of the past as Jean Jacques Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Lavater, Haller, Necker, de Saussure, Général Dufour, Laharpe, Jomini and Agassiz? Their successors, our contemporaries, are not less numerous. I will, however, forbear all further mention of them, for I can safely presume that Mr. Beerbohm has not had the good fortune to meet any one of them in the crowd of "couriers, guides, waiters and other parasites" on whom his usually sharp observing powers have been so sadly wasted.

Such men follow the traditions of the Presidents of their little land—the têtes de Turc of Mr. Beerbohm—some few of whom (ne lui en déplaise), e.g. Numa Droz and Louis Ruchonnet, were known and appreciated somewhat beyond the confines of their respective cantons. Such men do not seek world-wide fame; they are content to remain the salt of the earth in their own country; yet, such is the force of true and great wisdom, their renown sometimes spreads to distant lands, even so far as our own Britain. If I mistake not, the educational system and the military organisation of this miniature republic have been officially inquired into and seriously studied by—the English Government.

Strangely enough, this land of couriers, guides, waiters, &c., numbering in all only three million souls, possesses no fewer than six universities. This, together with various other little facts, may well induce Switzerland's friends to bid her be of good cheer. History is apt to repeat itself. A whole century has elapsed since a man of no small repute sneeringly qualified our country—Mr. Beerbohm's and mine—as "a nation of shopkeepers". As a nation, we have survived the intended insult.

As to "ideas"—well, the word is a big one and should be spelt out in capitals. Has not Switzerland for long centuries past realised her idea and her ideal: liberty? I remain, Sir, yours very truly,

MORGAN DOUGLAS.

#### JOURNALISTS, NATIONS, AND INDIVIDUALS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Blankenberghe 8 August 1908.

SIR,—International jealousies and misunderstandings are inevitable, no doubt, whilst national views are the sum of individual weaknesses, prejudices and ambitions. In the old days, when telegraphs and steamships were not, it is easy to see how the seed of distrust, having been sown, had time to grow until it became a menace, a veritable upas-tree. In these days one would, as a matter of mere reasoning, conclude that the false report, to which more than to bad faith international differences are due, would never get a sufficient start to do much mischief. Denial and explanation can follow quick on its heels, and the closer contact between peoples which facilities of travel have brought about, till the Grand Tour is no longer an event of special significance, ought to provide mutual knowledge destructive of slander. So far from that being the case the evil seems to be growing. False report, base insinuation, and general suspicion multiply with the growth of inter-communication, and nations are kept on tenter-hooks by malicious propaganda. We have our Maxses on this side. One cannot doubt their sincerity, any more than one can doubt that they are mistaken; sincerity does not in their case make for truth; on the contrary it puts everything to the test of bias. But the Maxses are not the peculiar breed of England. Germany has them in abundance, and between the two there is kept up a fusillade which only disturbs the night's rest and the day's peace of more trustful patriots.

The journalist is to blame. I have just had the opportunity of mingling in Belgium—that centre of all that is cosmopolitan—with people from various parts of Germany. One man said he could not understand why all this bickering continued. The Kaiser and the King, the statesmen of the two countries, and individuals wherever they foregather are good friends. Yet there are these differences between the nations. It was in his opinion all the fault of the British journalist, who had become a scaremonger because Germany is building the fleet which she deems indispensable to the protection of her commerce and her interests on and beyond the seas. My suggestion that the German journalist was just as bad was countered in this fashion: "What other view can we take? England insists on a navy as big as that of any other two Powers together and is for ever referring to Germany as her great commercial rival. Some day there will be a struggle for commercial supremacy and we do not believe it will take the form of hostile tariffs. German business, without a big navy, would be at England's mercy any day England chose to take action."

I talked with another and his first words were almost apologetic. He liked the English people, did not believe that there was any racial animus, and said the relations of Germany and Great Britain would be entirely good but for the journals of both countries. Always the journals. A young German lady joined us and naively interposed her view. "Great Britain is wicked", she said. "Think of what she has done in South Africa." "And what has she done?" I asked. "Oh! dreadful things. I read them all in the papers at the time of the Boer war. What I cannot understand is that the English nation can be so cruel, so unjust, and the English people I know—and I have many friends in England—are all so kind and so good. It is very puzzling, and I do wish it were possible for the two nations to be great friends as some Germans are with some English people." Her home is away up in Schleswig-Holstein, and what she reads in her local paper she believes as readily as too many people in this country believe every anti-German view set before them by the press, metropolitan and other.

Apparently it is only necessary to go among either Germans or English to realise two things: first, that the individuals who make up the nation are not imbued with the wicked designs of the nation itself—which is a *reductio ad absurdum*; secondly, to what a disastrous extent the power of the journalist is wielded for harm. There is no attempt on either side to look at matters from the other side's point of view.

I am yours truly,  
OBSERVER.

#### THE CAPTIVE SUFFRAGETTES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Devonshire Club, S.W.: 23 July, 1908.

SIR,—In reference to your note last week as to Mr. Herbert Gladstone's treatment of the suffragettes I should like to make a few criticisms.

First, as to Mr. Herbert Gladstone himself.

(1) The action taken by the suffragettes is in no small measure the result of his own words. He stated in the House of Commons on the second reading of Mr. Stanger's Bill that so far as argument went the suffragettes had proved their case. What was needed was some dynamic force to drive the argument home. Is it, I ask, for Mr. Gladstone to punish severely persons who use dynamic force? True it is that in his speech he deprecated any resort to violence; but can the making of a speech in Parliament Square be regarded as violence? For this offence the majority of the imprisoned suffragettes are second-class misdemeanants.

(2) Mr. Herbert Gladstone, by granting a certain partial alleviation of their lot to his captives this week, has practically recognised that the sentence passed on them by the magistrate was too severe.

So much for the Home Secretary. Now, coming to your own observations, you ask whether men engaged in a serious political riot would not be severely punished. In fact men who misbehave in this way are seldom severely treated. The recent disturbance at

Winchester proves this. In that instance not two but a hundred windows were broken. Great damage was also done on the pageant grounds and most serious disorder ensued. Yet the reply of authority in this case was to surrender abjectly before the demands of the rioters and to bind over the few men who were prosecuted for this disgraceful disturbance to keep the peace. Naturally, as these rioters had got all they wished, they gave the undertaking that the magistrates asked, and so went free. I submit, therefore, that if men may break a hundred windows in one town, and also make a disgraceful riot, with practical impunity, it is unfair to treat as felons young ladies who make speeches in Parliament Square for the purpose of asserting what in Mr. Herbert Gladstone's opinion is a just claim.

Your obedient servant,  
SUFFRAGIST.

#### PENALTY FOR REVOKE IN BRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Union Club, Port-of-Spain, Trinidad,  
24 July, 1908.

SIR,—I would be much obliged if you would let me have your opinion on the following point in connexion with the penalty for a revoke at bridge.

No trumps was declared. The dealer revoked. The adversaries, being nothing up, chose to add the value of three tricks to their score and went game. The dealer, having made nine tricks, said: "Very well, but you must mark us 36 points". "No", replied the adversaries, "you can only score at most 28 below the line." To this the dealer replied: "I do not care where you mark it, I admit the game is yours, but you have chosen to add the value of three tricks to your score, and you cannot in addition deprive me of the tricks I have made or any part of the value. If you like, mark it above the line". Finally only 28 were marked to the dealer. It seems to me that the dealer should have had his 36 points. The penalties for a revoke are only three in number, and it is clear that none of them specifically authorises adding the value of three tricks in addition to depriving the revoking side of the value of any of the tricks they may have made. Nor do I think that the rule which states that the revoking side cannot score more than 28 points towards game can be construed to impose an additional penalty for a revoke. All that it means, it seems to me, is that you cannot get nearer game than 28 points; so that supposing the declaration had been hearts, the adversaries would have marked 24 to their score, and the dealer who was over 20 would be able to mark only 28 below the line, marking the balance above the line if necessary, and making the score to read 24 to 28 at the beginning of the next deal. It is quite clear to me also that the division of the scoring (above and below the line) is only a convenience for the purpose of knowing which are the points counting towards the game, and it seems to me puerile to say that you cannot mark the 36 points the dealer made, or any part of them, above the line because they are not honours. I have argued the point to be sure that the view I suggest does not escape your notice, and I would be very much obliged if you will let me have your opinion on the matter.

I am, Sir, yours truly,  
V. X. DE VERTEUIL.

#### JAMES ANNAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scottish Liberal Club, Edinburgh,  
8 August, 1908.

SIR,—In this week's SATURDAY REVIEW you have been kind enough to insert a notice of my sketch of the late Mr. James Annand M.P. Your reviewer states that Mr. Annand differed from Mr. Joseph Cowen on the Boer War. This is obviously a slip. Mr. Annand differed from Mr. Cowen on the Bulgarian question, as the latter gave his support to Lord Beaconsfield's policy. In reference to the Boer War, Mr. Annand took up a distinctly Imperialist position.

Yours obediently,  
J. L. McCALLUM.



## REVIEWS.

## THE FAMILY IN ANCIENT ROME.

"State and Family in Early Rome." By Charles W. L. Launspach. London: Bell. 1908. 7s. 6d. net.

THE private law and the constitution of ancient Rome are very closely united: there is no clear break between the rules governing the individual and the customs regulating the behaviour of that same individual when he is temporarily at the head of the state. But the private and public sides of the Roman rules are generally studied in modern times for different reasons and from opposite points of view. The lawyer develops the ideas governing the Roman family, the manner of transferring property, the mysteries of procedure. He is concerned primarily with the finished product: only secondarily with its history. Constitutional law is mainly of importance for him in so far as it supplies the authority for successive changes, or helps to explain the meaning of what must otherwise remain meaningless. The historian on the other hand is chiefly concerned with the state as a whole: he knows that he has to deal with the family as supplying the state with its type or as providing the real unit of society; but he does not concern himself with these smaller divisions except so far as they are required to make the state intelligible. The consequence of these two points of view is to produce a doubt in any reader's mind, when he approaches a new book, what kind of treatment he is to expect. Has he to deal with a lawyer's manual, straying half-involuntarily into constitutional history? Or is it a constitutional history, dealing only incidentally with the civil law? The author will probably not admit the distinction: his object will have been to hold the scales evenly. Mr. Launspach, though primarily a lawyer, has certainly tried to do justice to the development of the constitution. He devotes about a quarter of his book to the history of the constitutional struggle; his account is not, as the accounts given by lawyers frequently are, a mere string of facts and dates; he has tried to make the story intelligible. One general criticism would naturally be passed on this part of the book. It may perhaps be doubted whether a Roman constitutional history in about eighty small pages can ever be made satisfactory, even if it be confined to the earlier period. Mr. Launspach admits that there is much room for conjecture in reconstruction; and he might well argue that an account which qualifies every statement with a doubt as to its truth, or a reference to an eminent scholar who takes a different view, would not be calculated to produce much impression. But there appears to be a singular lack of proportion in the space devoted to the various controversial topics, and also great arbitrariness in the distinction between those points which are discussed and those others which are dealt with dogmatically. A book of this length might have dispensed with a refutation of Soltau's theory as to the original constitution of the comitia curiata. The recognition of the right of the plebeian assembly to legislate for the whole people is no doubt an important subject; but the author, though he honours it with a long additional note, does not appear to have much to add to what has previously been said in English by Mr. Strachan-Davidson in the first volume of the "English Historical Review". On the other hand recent literature shows that it is still necessary for a writer to define his position clearly as to the independent existence of the comitia tributa; he may think, as Mr. Launspach probably does, that Mommsen has settled the question, but so long as others continue to use doubtful language he can hardly be dispensed from the necessity of giving his reasons. Again, the origin of the tribunate is a matter fundamental to Roman history of which an explicit treatment ought to be expected from every author. It is strange that one who attaches so much importance to the religious basis of Roman society should have been content with the suggestion that the plebeians regarded the tribune with reverence as the creation of a sacred law, that the patricians regarded him with horror as a monster, and

that these different attitudes combined to produce a position of authority which enabled the tribune to revolutionise the state.

The legal chapters on marriage, patria potestas, and succession, which follow the constitutional sketch, are the best part of the work. They hardly aim at doing more than summarising the legal aspect of the family: but they do this with sufficient fullness, without unnecessary technicality, and in a form which ought to be specially useful to the historical student whose interest in purely legal matters is secondary. Certainly, the Roman family is worth study. When the Patriarchal theory was at the height of its popularity, Roman law contributed more of the evidence even than Hindu law or the Old Testament. Now that the pretensions of the theory are somewhat abated and it is no longer commonly claimed that the patriarchal system is the earliest known type of society, it still remains true that the patriarchal family represents a most important stage through which mankind has passed generally, even if not universally. The Roman family has a claim on our attention, both because our information about it is fuller than about any other parallel system and because it is more logically developed than any other. It is true that we should form a wrong idea of Roman family life if we considered only the legal possibilities and neglected the anecdotes which show the real practice of Roman fathers and husbands. The instances of severity given by Valerius Maximus are, as Mr. Launspach suggests, exaggerations due to an age which had fallen into the opposite extreme. It must not be forgotten that, even if the literary and political ladies of Cicero's time be supposed to represent the result of a period of decay and if the earlier instances are legendary, the Roman wife and mother was always allowed to exercise great though indirect influence. When sepulchral inscriptions shock modern sentiment by placing spinning and weaving alongside of the highest personal virtues, it is well to bear in mind that the dignity of the Roman matron was carefully consulted, and that not even the captured Sabine brides were expected to grind or cook for a Roman. The study of the legal structure of the Roman family must be accompanied by the study of the family as described in literature and history: it will not do to be content with a general impression that the head of a Roman house had absolute and unlimited control over his dependants. If the Romans were prepared to carry out principles to their logical conclusions, they were also keenly sensitive to the demands of public opinion and profoundly convinced of the necessity of taking advice on all important matters. But the historian cannot dispense with a knowledge of the Roman law, though he occasionally tries to do so, and there is much in the last three chapters of this book which will help him.

A few minor points may be mentioned. It seems a pity that Mr. Launspach should have given most of his dates in terms of the foundation of Rome: no country, however isolated, stands quite by itself, and surely it must be better to have a uniform system of dating for all countries. In an English book, should not Sohm's "Institutes", to say nothing of Mommsen's History, be cited from the English translation? An author cannot be expected to give references to books except where he has himself found them useful, and Mr. Launspach may prefer German and French writers; but it seems as though English work had been somewhat neglected. Should not the allusion to the censorial jurisdiction have included a reference to Mr. Greenidge's discussion of Infamia? To ignore Dr. Reich is one thing: to ignore Mr. Greenidge is quite another.

## NAVAL PICTURES, AND MISTAKES.

"The Royal Navy." By H. L. Swinburne. London: Black. 1907. 20s. net.

A CERTAIN type of naval book is becoming common for which it is difficult to find a place. Not accurate enough for the study, not entertaining enough for the railway carriage, too heavy for the doctor's waiting-room, too technical for the morning-room, yet

a little too good for the waste-paper basket, where can such books be put? It is impossible to withhold admiration from Mr. Swinburne for attempting to describe the Royal Navy from the days of Alfred to the present century, but time being precious we cannot stay to discuss Saxon notions of the influence of sea-power, the raiding exploits of feudal lords or the adventures of Elizabethan seamen, and must skip on to the first Dutch war. In citing the action of 31 July 1653 as the first battle fought in line ahead, Mr. Swinburne has overlooked the circumstances of the engagement off the Gabbard on 2 June. The 5 July given for the S. James fight of the second Dutch war may be a clerical error, but the context prohibits a charitable interpretation of the date allotted to the attack on Château Renault at Vigo, which should read 1702, not 1703. If "England in the Mediterranean" had been consulted, Mr. Swinburne would not have told us the idea of seizing Gibraltar was conceived by Rooke or that the loss of life incurred in taking possession of the abandoned batteries there was due to the explosion of a mine. It is a bad mistake to put the capitulation of Minorca in 1707, where again the context excludes the theory of a clerical error. Referring to the events of that year Mr. Swinburne says: "Leake's principal exploit was the capture of Minorca. . . . The year was also marked by the death of Sir Cloudesley Shovell. Shovell, who had recently reduced Barcelona and bombarded Toulon, was returning to England with his fleet." In fact Barcelona fell in 1705, Shovell then went home and did not reach the Tagus till January 1707; it was on his return in the autumn after the Toulon affair that he was wrecked; the operations of Stanhope and Leake belong to September 1708.

Mr. Leyland has written the fourth, fifth and sixth chapters, and we have to find fault with him for dating Vernon's attack on Porto Bello November 1740 instead of November 1739. Describing Boscawen's action with De la Clue, he is incorrect in assuming signal was made to the van to push on and engage the head of the enemy's line. Boscawen made no such signal, and Mr. Corbett in "The Seven Years War" has explained what actually occurred. Mr. Leyland is again wrong in believing De la Clue died shortly after landing, for De la Clue returned to France and retired with a lieutenant-general's pension in 1764. Another and less excusable mistake is one concerning the intelligence obtained by Hawke on 16 November 1759. It was not Bompard but Conflans that the victuallers sighted on 15 November. Bompard had reached Brest by 8 November, and there turned over his crews to Conflans, who put to sea on 14 November.

Further on we find Mr. Leyland commenting on the disobedience of Rodney's captains on 17 April 1780; in an introduction to the "Letters of Lord Barham" Sir John Laughton has pointed out that nobody understood what Rodney meant and Carkett was not an exception. Proceeding with his condemnation, Mr. Leyland remarks "the truth is that Rodney was ahead of his time and that men like Carkett and also like Graves who had fumbled in the action off the Chesapeake were blinded by the old rules". Unfortunately for the example, Graves' action did not take place till September 1781. There are inaccuracies in other chapters besides those written by Mr. Leyland, but we have paid more attention to Chapters IV., V. and VI. as Mr. Swinburne has in his preface set a rather higher value on them than they appear to deserve. There seems to have been as little care taken to overhaul figures as to verify facts. Every schoolboy ought to know the armaments of the "Dreadnought" and "Lord Nelson", yet the "Dreadnought" is said to carry twelve 12-inch guns and the "Lord Nelson" four 12-inch and four 9.2 inch. Split infinitives and clerical errors abound, but an effort must be made to forget them for the sake of the pictures by Mr. Norman Wilkinson; these, though they may not invariably satisfy the eye of a seaman, redeem the book, and we have decided to find it a place amongst other picture books on the parlour table.

H.M.I. (O.S.)

"H.M.I.: Passages in the Life of an Inspector of Schools." By E. M. Sneyd-Kynnersley, formerly H.M.I. North-West Division. London: Macmillan. 1908. 8s. 6d. net.

THE Inspector of Schools under the ancien régime was a very august person. He might be witty and even flippant as Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley, but none the less wherever he went, except perhaps in the big School Board towns, he came trailing in clouds of glory behind him. In many, nay in most country parsonages was he not the representative of those mysterious persons in high places, My Lords, the slackening or tightening of whose purse-strings meant life or death to the school, and therefore to be placated by sacrifices and libations in the shape of hock-lunches and port wine dinners? To the teacher whose salary depended on the yearly assize of these justices in eyre, he was more than mortal, and to the children his apparition savoured of the supernatural, while his inquest of knowledge seemed a foretaste of the Last Judgment. It was his South Kensington rivals who first lowered the prestige of the calling, recruited as often as not from the ranks of mathematical and chemical pundits, persons notorious for their carelessness in dress, who went about in billycocks and even deerstalkers. Then with the introduction of the so-called block grant the yearly audit lost half its terror, and when the inspector's visits were made movable feasts the whole sacrificial ritual of propitiatory dinners and lunches went by the board, while the advent of strong local authorities, in the shape of county councils who insisted on running the schools themselves, further weakened his powers of summary jurisdiction. The local managers no longer tremble. If My Lords waxed wroth, they know that the whole county council authority will have to bear the burden, and so they suffer evil reports with an indifference begotten of the knowledge that for good or evil the administration has passed out of their hands. Even the non-provided school that survives regards entries and exits with equanimity, for have not its local taskmasters passed the building plans for alterations and additions?

The office itself has also undergone equally violent changes. From a mere department it has blossomed out into a Board. Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley with much frankness gives a semi-detached view of its various officials, permanent and political, in command during his years of service. He has a kind word for all except Mr. Mundella. Here is part of his verdict on that "obtrusive" and "fussy" individual:

"He had never held office before, and neither the manufacturing of hosiery nor the part he had played in the local politics of Nottingham had fitted him for the difficult and delicate task that fell upon him. Men in the office said he was a pulpit-cushion thumper, and nothing more: he was incapable of deciding a case submitted to him.

"Moreover, as is often the case in similar circumstances, he could not work with the men above him or below him. It was told me by one in the secrets of the office that the Secretary went one day to the Lord President with a paper in his hand. 'Look', he said, 'what Mr. Mundella has said to me.' The noble Earl read it, and said soothingly, 'I assure you that this is nothing to what he says to me'."

When we come to modern times Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley becomes more circumspect. Mr. Birrell's youthful successor is described as "one whom his foes call Rehoboam, Attila, and other names, indicating that they disagree with his policy. It may be suggested that a more experienced statesman in the Upper House might have exercised a wholesome restraining influence."

The present tendency of the Board of Education to become a "one man" show, or rather a société anonyme, is hinted at in the phrase "its positive Russian dread of individual opinion."

Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley's book abounds in good stories new and old. There is one however for which we have looked in vain. It is hardly topical, but is eminently typical. An inspector once visited a village school. "Ugh!" he exclaimed; "only a brick floor, and I



have not my goloshes." So he turned a form upside down and walked up and down inside it, like a wild beast in a cage, often knocking his shins against the upturned legs. He did not try particularly to find out what the children knew, but rather attempted to non-plus them. Thus a lesson was given on bees, and he asked them if they had seen tame bees? There was no reply, and then he said he referred to spelling bees. He next asked the children to write down the names of birds they knew, and most of them unconsciously revenged themselves on him by writing down mavis for thrush and other local names which fairly puzzled him and put him out.

#### NO MAN'S WORLD.

"The Wild Geese." By Stanley Weyman. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1908. 6s.

HOW often the novelist of modern life must envy the romancer his superiority to the cramping trammels of character! The one poor man has to attempt all sorts of things which the other not only may dispense with, but obtains by the dispensation a kind of credit. The one aims in character at congruity, continuity and, possibly, progression, where the other only attempts to register the influence of events. Even in that registry he is allowed a licence sternly denied his plodding brother, since he can make events, if it pleases him, the mute and idle instruments of his plot. He can, indeed, do as he likes with his puppets, and no one seems a bit the worse, or at all the wiser, provided he observe the dramatic proprieties so far as to make virtue always oppressed and triumphant, vice always powerful, intelligent, and confounded, innocence always lovely and little better than half-witted, and attentively avoids, in all his characters, the slightest admixture of a contrasting strain; so that the reader should never have his susceptibilities outraged by the discovery of any sort of goodness in the evil man nor of any sort of evil in the good. Mr. Stanley Weyman does indeed juggle occasionally with the conditions which he knows he must accept, and it is pathetic to read his apologetic excuses for his lapses to the unintelligence of his readers, of which he seems mournfully aware. Such are the obligations of heroism in romance, so untampered with must it be by the common weaknesses of humanity, that, when Colonel Sullivan condescends to a curiosity whether the woman he loves will consent to sit at meat with him, it is explained to our misgivings that "men are strange and the motives of the best are mixed". And when the heroine, kidnapped, half smothered, and threatened with violent death, breaks, recovering from her swoon, into tears, the interpretation is appended—"for she was a woman". The need for such comments would seem to prove that romance attracts an especially undiscerning class of readers. Since Mr. Weyman must be regarded as an especially discerning kind of writer, we may take it that these apparently fatuous elucidations are necessary, and must add our condolences to what are doubtless the author's regrets in having to make them. For Mr. Weyman does what he can for character. Colonel John Sullivan is consistent throughout, though we are a good deal puzzled to account for the appearance of a person with his views and past in Kerry early in the eighteenth century. Uncle Ulick and The McMurrough alone of the minor characters have any individuality, and they are made on ordinary romance lines. But the author has shown immense courage in giving to Asgill, who is perhaps the least attractive villain in the piece, so fine a part at the finish. To allow him the highest quality of passion was a touch of most commendable insight, and he goes to his death with a fine mixture of wrathful love and self-pity which leaves an impression of reality nothing in the story can efface. The weakest factor in the tale is Flavia. Flavia is apparently the only woman in Kerry—no! we read of a beggar and a cook-maid—but she is the only woman in the story with a name or a speaking part. She is an ardent Catholic and plotter for the "King across the water"; she is a fervent hater of John Sullivan, who is a loyal Protestant and supplanter of her brother; she connives at his death,

she tries with her own hand to kill him. Yet in three days the dreams of a free Ireland which she had passionately cherished fade in her understanding to the romantic folly they were, and she begins to fall in love with John Sullivan really for no better reason than that she has tried in vain to starve him. That does seem a little "thin" even for romance, in which of course one is prepared, in the concerns of love, for almost any contingency. Constructively the story is very well done: the action is not too breathless, and the alternation in the hero's fortunes is adequately managed; but there is little attempt to render the speech or thought of the Kerry people. Here is a sentence from stupid, uncouth Uncle Ulick, who knew probably more Erse than English: "If you walked in Tralee a clown among gentlefolk, if you lived a pariah in a corner of pariahs, if your land were the handmaid of nations, and the vampire crouched upon her breast." One doubts if, in the day he said it, they could have told you much about a pariah even in Dublin Castle.

#### EGYPTIAN QUEENS.

"The Queens of Egypt." By J. R. Butties. With a Preface by Professor G. Maspero. London: Constable. 1908. 10s. 6d.

PROFESSOR MASPERO begins his preface to this book by asking how it is that "no one until today has taken enough interest in the queens of Egypt to undertake the writing of their history". The woman played an important part in the history of that country. She lived as free a life as the woman of Western Europe to-day, and in many respects was on a footing of equality with the man. Indeed, it was through her that descent was reckoned; the purity of the mother's blood was of more consequence than the purity of her husband's. Through the mother property was inherited, and in the later days of Egyptian history a large proportion of the landed estate of the country was held by the women. Some of the demotic deeds which have come down to us are concerned with attempts on the part of the husband to obtain a share in his wife's possessions. In the royal family, especially after the rise of the eighteenth dynasty, legitimacy of descent and consequently the right of accession to the throne was conferred by the mother. Under the early dynasties the queen occupied a leading place in political life, and the last sovereign of the sixth dynasty was a queen. But after the troublous era of the Hyksos occupation "the royal wife" acquired even greater influence and importance than before. Through the queen alone could the right to rule be legitimately handed down. Only the son of a princess of the solar race was, in theory, allowed to succeed to the crown. Hence a Pharaoh like Thothmes III., whose mother was of inferior rank, had in his younger years to make way for his half-sister Hatshepsit, and his eventual seizure of the supreme power was due to his inherent ability and the energy of his character. It is possible that the reforms of "the Heretic King" would have had a greater chance of success had his mother been of royal birth.

Professor Maspero, therefore, seems justified when he expresses his surprise at the want of a work dealing solely with the queens of Egypt, more especially when we remember the multitude of books which the male members of the royal house of Egypt have recently called forth. But, after all, there is a reason for this. With the exception of two or three striking personalities who stand out on the ancient canvas of Egyptian history, the Egyptian queens are little more than names. When we put aside Hatshepsit, the Egyptian Elizabeth, and "Thiy" or Teie, the mother of "the Heretic King", they are for the most part figures without flesh and blood. We have to leave the Pharaonic times behind us and descend to the era of the Ptolemies before we reach a line of queens whose lives are filled for us with human interest.

Nevertheless it was time that the queens of ancient Egypt should be left no longer neglected. Their tombs have been excavated by the Italians at Thebes, and the historian was called upon to follow the example of the

excavator. No one was better fitted for such a task than Miss Buttle. As a lady she may be expected to be sympathetic with her subject, while it is an open secret that she is also a niece of Mr. Theodore M. Davis, who has done so much to discover the burial-places of the queens of the New Empire and to bring to light the relics of ancient culture that were buried with them. As Professor Maspero says, she has herself measured "the last earthly couch of Hatshepsitu" and handled "the jewels and funeral furniture of Thiy".

She has, moreover, had the advantage of being able to consult the best living authorities on Egyptological matters, and her book accordingly is singularly free from inaccuracies or antiquated theories. The queens of Egypt from the first dynasty onwards have been conscientiously recorded, so far as they are known. The list is necessarily a dry one, interesting mainly to Egyptologists and historians, but she has endeavoured to lighten it by digressions of more general interest and by dwelling on the stories of the two great queens Hatshepsit and Teie. She follows Professor Maspero in regarding Teie as of Egyptian race; the skull of Teie's father, however, is non-Egyptian according to the anthropologists, and the variant spellings of the names of both her parents are proof that they must have been of foreign extraction. The ancient Egyptians found the same difficulty as their modern descendants in pronouncing and writing the names of foreigners. With their own names they had no trouble. The worship of the solar disk which distinguished the new religion of "the Heretic King" was, as we now know, characteristic of the Hittites of Asia Minor, and as there was a "Hittite quarter" at Memphis in the age of Queen Teie it is quite possible that her parents may have originally belonged to it. It is a pity that Miss Buttle's book was already in type when the discovery of Queen Tausert's jewellery was made by Mr. T. M. Davis last winter. Not only has it cleared up the relation of the queen to Seti II., but it is also intrinsically beautiful and well preserved. Indeed no discovery of recent years has shed more light on the art and culture of the closing days of the nineteenth dynasty. A photograph of some of it would have worthily accompanied the illustrations contained in Miss Buttle's volume. These add much to the charm of the book, more especially the coloured portraits for which we are indebted to the skilful hand of Mr. Howard Carter.

#### NOVELS.

"The Grain Carriers." By Edward Noble. London: Blackwood. 6s.

Mr. Noble's book is one long outburst of red-hot indignation against what he maintains are crying evils in the merchant service, caused by the greed of the English nation for cheap food. He accuses the Board of Trade of having dangerously lowered the load-line; shipowners of sending cheap rotten boats to sea; and captains of engaging "Shanghaied" crews and playing into the hands of crimps. The violence of his tirades and the tiresome repetition of his accusations tend to weaken their effect. They are so intemperate and ungoverned that we are inclined to suspect that he may have exaggerated and multiplied the horrible occurrences of the sea life which he describes with much power, apparent knowledge, and effective detail; and out of one or two rare instances constructed in his imagination a widespread system of iniquitous tyranny and dishonesty. The sufferers from such a system are, he says, sailors and underwriters. No one pretends that a sailor's life is easy or comfortable according to the landsman's standard of comfort. But for its hardships there are magnificent compensations which only sailors can appreciate, and anyone with a knowledge of the merchant service or mercantile law knows the power of the unions to safeguard the interests of seamen. As to underwriters, it would certainly be superfluous charity to pity a body of men so pre-eminently capable of taking care of their own interests. Mr. Noble piles up conglomerate masses of detail, lays on his colours glaringly, and overwhelms us with

torrential outbursts of words. His manner is too violent and convulsive to be always impressive, in spite of the force of his style, the sincerity of his conviction, and his varied picturesque phraseology. He is too much concerned to prove his case, too much obsessed by his indignation, to develop his story from the artist's point of view.

"The New Dominion: A Tale of To-morrow's Wars." By Arthur Wellesley Kipling. London: Griffiths. 1908. 6s.

America having given us a Mr. Winston Churchill to match our Mr. Winston Churchill now sends us a Mr. Kipling—whose Christian names are Arthur Wellesley. We do not know whether the author of this book has given us the work under an ingeniously devised nom de plume or whether he has decided to write of battles because his real name happens to be Kipling, but in any case this volume of his is little likely to create any great sensation. We are sick of the stories dealing with what might, could, would or should happen if certain of the Great Powers went to war: and Mr. Arthur Wellesley Kipling gives us a variant on that well-worn theme. He frankly explains that his book was inspired by the "war scare" at the time of America's difference with Japan over the San Francisco schools. He shows how Japan presented an ultimatum, how America declared war, how Britain wobbled between ties of blood and treaty ties—until King Edward settled the matter—and how at last she and Germany were drawn into conflict. Mr. Arthur Wellesley Kipling describes his work as a "tale", but it is rather a chapter of imaginary history of the immediate past and the immediate future, describing battles by sea and land and dealing with the disposition of forces, with matters tactical and strategical—and the chapter lacks that fire which alone can make such work interesting and convincing.

"The Ring: a Romance." By Beryl Tucker. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

Miss Beryl Tucker has packed this novel with many improbabilities—for example, a lighted match thrown into a waste-paper basket takes eight hours to set fire to a house! Then we have the soul of a wicked and murdered woman transformed by scientific treatment into a glowing stone which is duly set into a ring—into "the ring". Of course the wearer of this is haunted, and in time learns many unhappy secrets. Furthermore, there is a commonplace untidy Englishwoman who utters weird truths and prognostications when looking at a palm which offers money, and the spirit of a paralytic that comes to the rescue in the heroine's deepest trouble. These strange happenings are half-buried in a mass of sentiment, with the result that the sharp edges of their absurdity are so softened that we read with less impatience than we should do a balder piece of sensationalism. When Miss Tucker has brought her imagination better under control she may write a good story.

#### LAW BOOKS.

"The Companies Act, 1907, and The Limited Partnerships Act, 1907." By Sir Francis Beaufort Palmer. Second Edition. London: Stevens. 1908. 7s. 6d.

"Responsibilities of Directors and Working of Companies under Companies Acts, 1862-1907." By Anthony Fulbrook. London: Effingham Wilson. 1908. 3s. 6d. net.

"The Companies Acts, 1900 and 1907." By James W. Reid. London: Effingham Wilson. 1908. 2s. 6d. net.

In a surprisingly short time Sir F. B. Palmer's book, which we noticed at length when the first edition appeared, has gone into a second. It is by a master of the subject who writes for lawyers, and the authority of his name has secured its speedy passage to their shelves. The other two books are for the class of business men, and they are equally good in their way. Mr. Fulbrook was a solicitor well known as an expert in company law and for his knowledge of all sides, good and bad, of company working. It is a book not only instructive but amusing, as it is a record of much of Mr. Fulbrook's personal experience frankly given. Mr. Emery, a barrister, has included



the changes made by the Act of 1907. Mr. Reid explains the provisions of the Acts of 1900 and 1907 concisely and lucidly, and all interested in companies will find his book useful.

**"The Law of the Federal and State Constitutions of the United States."** By Frederic Jessop Stimson. Boston Book Company. 1908.

Mr. Stimson is Professor of Comparative Legislation in Harvard University. He is known amongst jurists here as one of the most learned of American Constitutional lawyers. It is well that a book like this should be offered to English readers bearing the name of an author of such repute. There is no other book in England which does for the Federal and States Constitutions what this does, one of its chief features being a comparative digest of the Constitutions of the forty-six States. The politician, lawyer, or student of American institutions should have it as a supplement to Mr. Bryce's book. The constitutional struggles in America have in the last twenty years changed their character. They have almost ceased to be concerned with the political relations of the States to the Federal Government, and they now involve the social, economic, and personal rights of the individual to an extent unknown in the earlier disputes. When it is a question with us whether Parliament should interfere with private contracts, or impose certain kinds of taxation, or restrain combination, in America the question mostly takes the form of what the States or the Federal power can do under the Constitutions. Again, take such a question as the political status of women. The claims here of the Suffragists give to Professor Stimson's pages on this matter a lively interest. The English student of Constitutional law will find also an admirable treatment of the way in which England has affected the history of all branches of the law in America.

**"Poor Law Settlement and Removal."** By Herbert Davey. London: Stevens. 1908. 9s.

One might have thought that after the Courts have been deciding cases on Poor Law settlement for two centuries and a half this branch of law was exhausted, unless perchance the Old Age Pensions Act should raise fresh points. And legislation on many subjects has a knack of doing this. Thus the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Act has enabled women to gain settlements through men with whom their cohabitation would not previously have had this effect. But the most striking instances are two decisions of the House of Lords only last year, which have reversed the practice of many years and raised several new points of law. They have led to the preparation of this volume by Mr. Davey, and Poor Law officers and others could have no better guide to the whole subject. Especially useful will be found the collected reports of all magistrates' cases and the decisions of the House of Lords.

**"The Law of Carriers."** By Walter Henry Macnamara. Second Edition. London: Stevens. 1908. 30s.

An attempt to codify any complex branch of law such as that of the carriers of merchandise and passengers by land is a heavy undertaking, and in most cases of doubtful success. But it is always a praiseworthy attempt, and if the work is done well, as Mr. Macnamara has done it, the convenience for reading and reference is undoubted. There is always, too, the assistance it may be if ever codification is undertaken by a public body with more resources than a private author and publisher can spare for the immediate practical purposes of a text-book. Mr. Macnamara's experience has rather led him to doubt the success of codification of this branch of law. But he has usefully employed the form so far as it is practicable. In this second edition he has had the assistance of Mr. W. A. Robertson; and lawyers and all engaged in the business of land transport will find that it supplies effectively all they require.

## THEOLOGY.

**"A Dictionary of Christ and the Gospels."** Edited by J. Hastings, assisted by J. A. Selbie and J. C. Lambert. Vol. II. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1908. 21s. net.

With the second volume of this Dictionary Dr. Hastings has completed a big work; and all who wish to see our clergy and ministers well equipped for their preaching should be grateful to him for the thoroughness with which he has performed it. Our only grievance against him is the same as that which we expressed when we reviewed his first volume; he has allowed his book to become too big, and his articles too many and occasionally too long; he has had too many contributors and he has not been stern enough with them. There is a great deal of overlapping; the same subjects are treated under three or four heads and sometimes twice under the same head. As the book claims to be a preacher's dictionary this may be a relief to the busy clergyman who, when he has to preach several times on the same text, can find different and

not always consistent methods of treatment ready to hand; but it is bewildering to the student. The general standard of the articles is high, though many of them run on rather ordinary lines, and we get a classified list of places where the word or subject occurs, with regulation comments which do not amount to more than an enlarging on the obvious; but the bigger articles have as a rule been entrusted to competent scholars who have given us sober and solid contributions to their subjects. We would especially praise the Dean of S. Patrick's excellent essay on "Revelation", which is a singularly frank statement and discussion of the question; and the article on "Science" by the Rev. H. N. Marshall. Bishop Maclean has given a clear and complete introduction to S. Mark's Gospel—if anything rather too long; but Dr. Burn, on the other hand, has managed, in his article on the "Magnificat", to pack a great deal of information into very moderate compass; the same may be said of Dr. Souter, who in writing on "S. Luke", on "Manuscripts", on "Pilate", and on "Rome" always says enough without saying too much, and can enliven his work by exceedingly happy illustrations. The Rev. P. M. Barnard, in his article on the "Text of the Gospels", spends almost too much time in demonstrating the weakness of the Burgon-Miller position. Professor B. W. Bacon on the "Logia" is learned and full, but heaven help the congregation that has to listen to slices of it from the pulpit! Like the postscript of a lady's letter, the appendix to the Dictionary contains perhaps the most important part of all. We have a series of articles on Christ and the position He occupied in the thought of the early Church, of the Middle Ages, of the Reformation, of the seventeenth century, and of modern times, that are really valuable and instructive and focus an amount of information that otherwise would have to be sought in a multitude of books. To these succeed two intensely interesting articles on "Christ in Jewish Literature", by the Rev. R. Travers Herford, and "Christ in Mohammedan Literature", by Dr. Sell and Professor Margoliouth; and the whole is brought to an appropriate end by a long and admirable article on the doctrine of S. Paul by Dr. Sanday. We have said that the Dictionary errs on the side of excess, yet here and there it is inadequate. Considering the prominent position which our Lord's Seven Words from the Cross occupy in Good Friday preaching, they might have been granted more than three and a half columns; nor can the subject of our Lord's Omniscience be adequately discussed in the third of a column; again, there is no article on Sacraments nor any cross-references to show where sacramental doctrine is discussed.

**"S. Paul's Epistles to the Thessalonians: the Greek Text, with Introduction and Notes."** By G. Milligan. London: Macmillan. 1908. 12s.

In size, binding, printing, general appearance, and arrangement, this commentary resembles the well-known and valued volumes of Bishop Lightfoot on the Galatians, Philippians, Colossians and Philemon. Dr. Milligan's book therefore invites comparison; and we are glad to say that it bears it. The resemblance to Lightfoot is not confined to externals; here is a commentary which Lightfoot himself might have written; it is full, clear, interesting, marked by wide learning and good scholarship. Lightfoot was often able to throw new light on the history of a town or the nationality of its inhabitants by the skill with which he handled recently discovered inscriptions; Dr. Milligan is able to do not only this but something more, something denied to Lightfoot—explain the Greek of an Epistle by reference to the stores of Greek papyri lately published, and illustrate much of S. Paul's symbolism from the numerous Jewish apocalyptic works which are only now being worthily edited. These are the two points on which a first-rate modern commentary such as this differs from even the best work of thirty years ago. We can only thank Dr. Milligan for the help he has given us towards understanding these Epistles—the earliest, in some respects the most fascinating, in others the most mysterious, of all S. Paul's letters.

**"The Sanctuary of God, and Other Sermons."** By W. A. Whitworth. London: Macmillan. 1908. 4s. 6d. net.

These sermons by the late Prebendary Allen Whitworth are more directly spiritual and hortatory than those collected in the earlier volume and reviewed by us some little time ago. They are splendidly severe and lofty in their tone; we feel that the preacher approaches his subject from the highest point of view, and demands much in the name of Christ from his hearers. And yet he is always fair; he is as severe with himself as he is with others, and he never defends a good position with a bad argument, or ignores what there is to be said on the other side. The sermon on "the sorrows of life" is a fine instance of this; on such a subject nothing is easier than to repeat ordinary popular phrases, but Mr. Whitworth obviously refuses to give us any comfort or explanations that are not perfectly real to himself; his thoughts are deep and original, though put in such simple language that a superficial reader might not realise how deep they are; he seems to say all that can be said by a Christian on the great mystery, and his eloquence is the more impressive by reason of its restraint.

"Anglican Liberalism." By Twelve Churchmen. ("The Crown Theological Library.") London: Williams and Norgate. 1908. 5s.

No members of our Church utter their testimony more vigorously than our Liberals; an unceasing stream of pamphlets, manifestoes, and sermons forces their opinions on the public, especially on the laity, who are already, we are told, with them to a man. The present volume maintains the need of Liberalism in various spheres of Church life, political, social, critical, and devotional. Many of the essays are popular and slight, and come to an end just as we think the authors are going to say something; but two—those by Dr. Rashdall and Professor Percy Gardner—are cast in a larger mould; and here, strange to say, the layman seems to have the more conservative mind. Dr. Rashdall, who writes on Clerical Liberalism, is best in attack; he would make a formidable secularist lecturer; bitter is his impatience at the clergy who have obtained great reputations for orthodoxy and high positions in the Church while secretly (as regards belief) they are no better than they should be; and why should they, who have taken an inch of latitude in clerical subscription, refuse to let their juniors take an ell? Theology must, like all science, be progressive, and we must not be bound by formulæ framed in bygone ages: yet Dr. Rashdall finds an argument against the introduction of certain rites and usages into the Church in the fact that the community "deliberately rejected them three centuries ago". With Professor Gardner's essay on "Lay Liberalism" we are in a serener air; we may not perhaps share all his views or welcome all his proposals; but we must all admire his intensely religious spirit, his quiet sober sense of life and its responsibility, his pure joy in the worship of the Church, and his willingness to put up with much that he does not like rather than risk losing anything of real value. After all, the immediate changes advocated by Dr. Rashdall and Professor Gardner are not very startling or novel; the only thing which makes us uncomfortable is the fear that they would soon be urged as precedents for rash experiments.

#### SHORTER NOTICES.

"Edward FitzGerald and Posh—'Herring Merchants'." By James Blyth. London: Long. 1908. 4s. net.

FitzGerald did two remarkable things—he gave the world his version of the "Rubáiyát" of Omar Khayyám and he entered into partnership with a young Lowestoft fisherman—one Joseph Fletcher—whom he regarded as "a man so beyond others" that he might not be judged by ordinary rules of conduct. In the history of friendships there is none more strange, none more incongruous than this between the simple man of letters and the handsome illiterate fisherman. FitzGerald's estimate of Posh was extravagant, to put it mildly. That he was "a gentleman of Nature's grandest type" may be true, but he was "a man for a' that". FitzGerald, regarding this captain of a Lowestoft lugger as fit to be one of Carlyle's "Heroes", said that "the Man's Soul is every way as well proportioned [as his body], missing in nothing that may become a Man, as I believe." The poet wanted an oil sketch of him by S. Laurence "to hang up with Thackeray and Tennyson, with whom he shares a certain grandeur of Soul and Body". When the partnership was dissolved, in order that Posh might be "his own sole Master, of himself and of other men", FitzGerald said: "I am sure the Man is fit to be a King of a Kingdom as well as of a Lugger. . . . A Man—made in the mould of what Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman." Such a friendship was foredoomed to disillusionment. Posh presumed and was intolerant sometimes, and his solemn promise to lead a sober life was broken within a month, to FitzGerald's bitter distress. That the idol was of mere clay—admirable though the clay no doubt was—FitzGerald could never see, and his pain at the very human lapses of his friend was proportionate to the exaltation of his estimate. Posh is now in his seventy-first year, and understands better to-day perhaps that his attitude towards his "partner" was not all that it might have been. On the other hand, FitzGerald expected too much. Mr. Blyth has succeeded in interviewing Posh and extracting from him much of interest, which all FitzGeraldites will be glad to have in this handy volume form.

"Thomas Doggett Deceased." Part I. The Man, by Theodore Andrea Cook. Part II. The Race, by Guy Nickalls. London: Constable. 1908. 10s. 6d. net.

Doggett's Coat and Badge is a sporting wager which can boast the longest life of any event of the kind in the world. In the history of rowing it holds a unique position. Not only has it been held continuously for nearly two hundred years, but it is the one annual professional competition of importance. The story of Doggett and of the race which he founded was well worth telling, and it is well told in these pages. Part I. and Part II. appear to have been written independently, which has involved some repetition of facts connected with the

institution and early history of the event, but apart from this the matter contained in the book has been well collected and is of interest throughout. Another result of this want of collaboration is that Mr. Cook and Mr. Nickalls give us different dates for the foundation of the race. Mr. Cook says 1716, Mr. Nickalls 1715. Mr. Cook gives us the reasons for his decision at some length, but they are not altogether convincing, and if a Drury Lane playbill of 1 August 1715 referred to by Mr. Nickalls is authentic there can be little doubt that this was the date of its institution. In either case the race is clearly more than a century older than the University Boat Race, and antedates the S. Leger, the oldest of our horse races, by at least sixty years. The story of Thomas Doggett, though the materials from which it is framed seem scanty, is interesting reading. Like many others famous in art or letters he came to London a needy adventurer from Ireland. His career as an actor was eminently successful, and Addison, Steele and Colley Cibber amongst others speak of his work in terms of high praise. His claim to the description "famous comedian" was certainly justified, and he probably gained in his day a reputation equal, let us say, to that of Sir Charles Wyndham in our own. He also displayed some ability as a dramatist, and his play "The Country Wake" achieved a temporary celebrity. Yet, as Mr. Cook points out, his name would be now unknown were it not for Doggett's Coat and Badge. Mr. Nickalls has unearthed or corrected the names of a number of the earlier winners of this coveted distinction, and the list is now complete from 1786 onwards. Many interesting details are given of both the earlier and later races. It may safely be said that a gap that hitherto existed in the history of oarsmanship has been well filled.

"From a Hertfordshire Cottage." By W. Beach Thomas. London: Alston Rivers. 1908. 3s. 6d.

From the title of this book we should, not unnaturally, expect a work dealing exclusively with the scenery or natural history of Hertfordshire. But beyond the fact that the papers composing the volume were presumably written in a Hertfordshire cottage it has little apparent connexion with that county. It consists of some forty to fifty short articles, on subjects connected with the open air, a considerable number of which have already been published. Like most collections of magazine and review articles, there is little real coherence in the volume. Still the papers are to a great extent so arranged that their topics follow the course of the natural year. Beginning with an introductory chapter, we are led, step by step, from "The First Flowers" of spring through the "Woods in May" and the "Sweet o' the Year", past the fields at Mackery End—one of the few Hertfordshire touches—"where Lamb and Bridget visited their cousins", to the "Sleep of Summer" and "September Days", till at length we find ourselves among the "Nuts and Acorns" of October and the "Snow and Frost" of Christmas. Among the articles which somewhat break this connexion we would mention "An Oxford Garden", which in our opinion is the best in the book. Interesting and full of keen personal observation as many of these papers are, it is their literary setting which attracts us most. Mr. Beach Thomas is widely acquainted with many of our best writers both ancient and modern, and he uses his knowledge with effect. His style of writing has a distinction of its own, and the literary allusions scattered throughout his pages lend to them a charm and dignity which can hardly fail to attract.

"Some Neglected Aspects of War." By Captain A. T. Mahan. London: Sampson Low. 1908. 6s.

It would certainly be well if the apostles of peace at any price—and we have many in our midst—would study Captain Mahan's admirable and dispassionate essays on what is still unfortunately the primary element in international affairs, as it has been in all ages. War is obviously an evil and an intolerable burden on all concerned, victor as well as vanquished. But it is not necessarily evil; and in certain circumstances, such as the redress of wrongs or oppression, it may conceivably be an unrighteous deed to "refrain from forcibly redressing evil" by means of war. Some visionaries think arbitration will in future ages become the substitute for war. But, as Captain Mahan very rightly maintains, the sense of nationality is still too strong—whatever it may be in time to come if Socialism gains much further ground—for arbitration to take the place of war. Take the case of the South African War, when the whole of the civilised world was biased on one side or the other. Who could then have arbitrated between the two parties with any chance of success, or who could have done so when the Russo-Japanese War was imminent? War, though regrettable, is still in most cases an inevitable contingency; and it is only too probable that the cause of peace is often "jeopardised by the exaggerations and oversights of its noisier followers".

"Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings" (Vol. xxxix. 1907-1908) is, as usual, full of varied and useful papers on affairs relating to the Empire as a whole and the colonies individually.

(Continued on page 212.)



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Mr. Richard Jebb, from his own special standpoint, gives an account of twelve months of imperial evolution. Mr. C. A. Birtwistle deals with cotton-growing in Nigeria, Mr. S. S. Thorburn with education and good citizenship in India, Mr. Archibald Colquhoun with our East African Empire, and Mr. Coghlan with irrigation in Australia. Two particularly notable papers are Lord Strathcona's "All Red Route" and Lord Milner's "Two Empires". The Proceedings should be in every library which it is sought to keep abreast with colonial and imperial movements.

"Sutton's Bulb Catalogue for 1908" has reached us. It is the first of these catalogues we have seen this year. How hard the seasons are made to press upon each other now! We had not thought summer was gone, and we are asked to think of next spring. Sutton's catalogue is got up as well as ever: the illustrations are good, though, of course, a trifle "magnificent".

"Revue des Deux Mondes." 1<sup>er</sup> Août.

This is a good number. M. André Chevrillon concludes his studies on Ruskin and his influence on English life. He paints a very different picture of the England of to-day from that in the pessimistic imaginations of many of our own countrymen, and he points out how ludicrously inapplicable would be the descriptions of the French writers of fifty years back. He notices especially the immense strides made in the general conveniences of life and in the desire for the beautiful, also the general effort made to give the working classes more of the pleasant side of existence. This he attributes to no small extent, and perhaps rightly, to the influence of Ruskin and his followers. M. Louis Bertrand writes again on "Greek Landscapes"; with brilliant descriptive power he unites a shrewd determination not to be bound by the conventional ideas of theorists which few of us hesitate to swallow, forgetting that the discoveries of recent years have opened to our view a far more primitive, barbarous, and superstitious Greece than had been accepted before. The writer would have these truths more widely known and not confined to a narrow circle of archaeologists.

For this Week's Books see page 214.



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The Burden (C. A. Dawson-Scott). Heinemann. 6s.  
Les Cloches (L. Brethous-Lafargue). Paris: Société d'Éditions Littéraires et Artistiques. 3/7. 50.  
The Prince's Marriage (W. H. Williamson). Fisher Unwin. 6s.  
Semiramis (Edward Peple). Greening. 6s.

## HISTORY

The Tragedy of Russia in Pacific Asia (Frederick McCormick. 2 vols.). New York: The Outing Publishing Co. \$6 net.  
The Little Dauphin (Catherine Welch). Methuen. 6s.  
History of South Africa since September 1795 (George McCall Theal. Vol. V.). Swan Sonnenschein. 7s. 6d.  
A Historical Geography of the British Colonies (Hugh E. Egerton. Vol. V. Canada). Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 4s. 6d.

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